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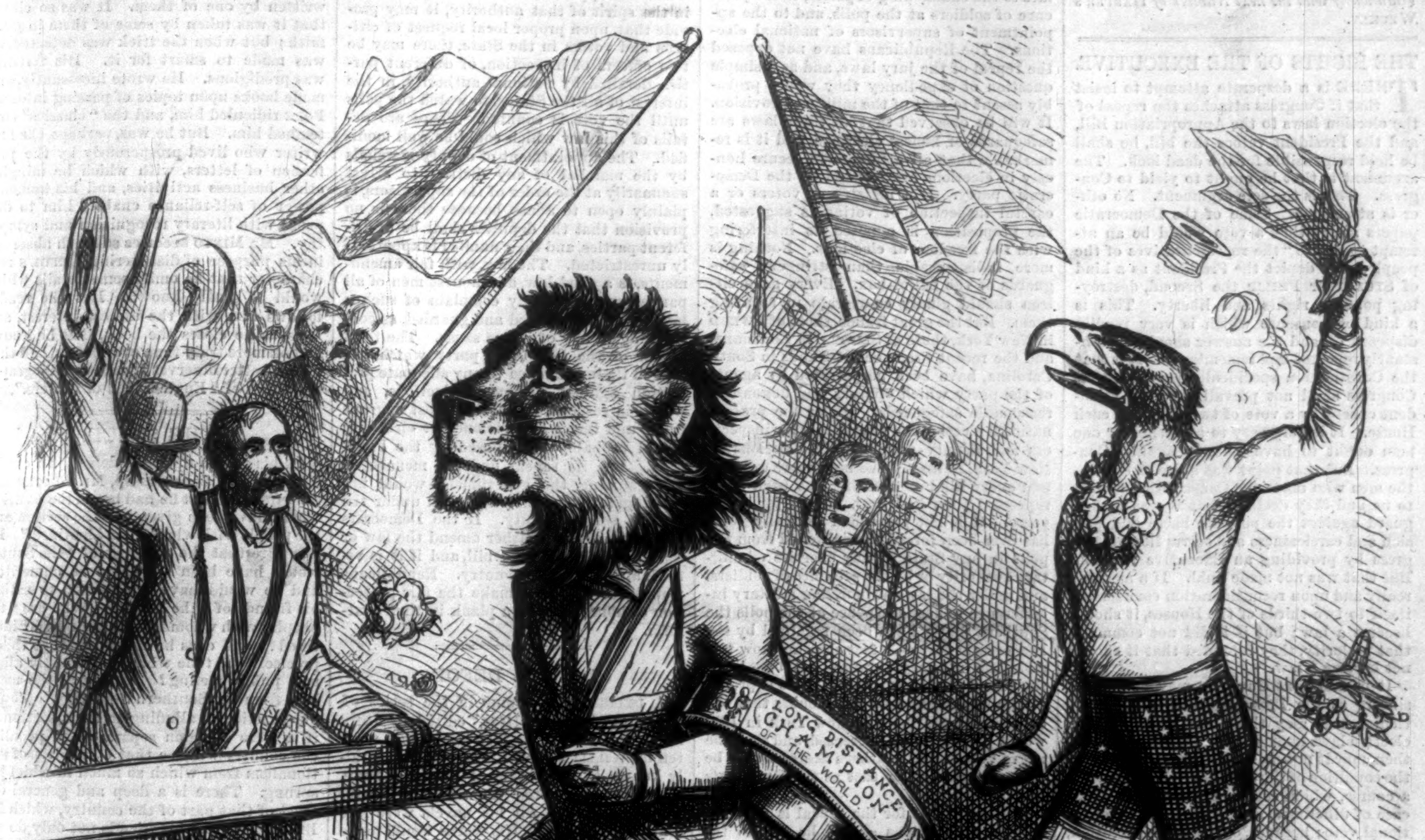

THE GALLANT PEDESTRIAN THAT YOU ARE.

"For he might have been a Roosian,
A French, or Turk, or Proosian,
Or perhaps A-mer-i-can;

But in spite of all temptations
To belong to other nations,
He remains an Englishman,
He remains an Englishman."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1879.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains two spirited sketches of the conflict in Zululand, and a variety of interesting reading matter.*

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE RIGHTS OF THE EXECUTIVE.

THERE is a desperate attempt to insist that if Congress attaches the repeal of the election laws to the Appropriation Bill, and the President vetoes the bill, he shall be held responsible for the dead lock. The argument is that he ought to yield to Congress. This is the sole argument. No other is attempted. Some of the Democratic papers assert that a veto would be an attempt to coerce "the representatives of the people," and depict the President as a kind of STUART or PHILIP the Second, destroying popular rights and liberty. This is a kind of nonsense which is very readily disposed of, and the answer should be constantly repeated and remembered. It is that the Constitution specifically provides that Congress shall not prevail over the President except by a vote of two-thirds of each House. It is very easy to ask whether one man ought to have his way against Congress. But that point was quite as clear to the men who made the Constitution as it is to us, and they decided that it was best to guard against the possible haste and passion and carelessness and corruption of Congress by providing an Executive revision. But that was not made final. If a measure really and upon reconsideration commended itself to two-thirds of the Houses, it should become a law; but if it did not command that majority, they intended that it should not become a law.

It is said that Congress may be just as sincere as the President, and in this particular case may think the repeal of the election laws imperatively necessary. Why, then, may it not make the President's assent the condition of the supplies? Because such a course, which could be pursued in every case of difference, annihilates the constitutional veto; because, over the Constitution, it usurps all the power of the government, and places it in a majority of Congress, where the Constitution refuses to place it; and because there is a plain, simple, peaceful, constitutional remedy for the difference in an appeal to the people. It is said that the programme announced by Senator BECK is not revolutionary, because Congress has the legal right to attach the repeal to the Appropriation Bill. That may be; but when the whole bill has been vetoed, and Congress refuses to pass the appropriations, it declares that if the Executive does not yield, the supplies shall stop. That is to require the Executive to yield a constitutional power as the condition of the continuance of the government, and that is revolution. The Constitution declares that a bare majority of Congress shall not pass a law if the President objects. Mr. BECK's programme declares that if the bare majority can not have its way, the government shall be brought to a stand, and the country exposed to the most serious excitement and disturbance. This is a proposition to degrade the Presidency which no incumbent of that position, with any self-respect or due sense of duty to the American people, would tolerate for a moment. Still less would he tolerate it when the attempt is made to force a repeal of guarantees of an honest election of Congress, which, if defective, should be modified, but which in themselves are wise and just.

The action of the Democratic majority in Congress upon this subject will be watched closely and with great interest. The intelligent leaders of opinion in the country are not in the least confused or deceived by the pretense that the repeal is sought in the interest of freedom of elections. It is largely supported by those who desire cheating and violence at elections. The repeal is part of the Presidential campaign of 1880. It proposes, under cover of relegating the control of elections to the local State law, to break down the barriers against illegal voting in New York and against bulldozing in the Southern States. These, however, are not considerations that affect the great question of the constitutional rights of the Executive, which are assailed by the plan of proceedings announced by Mr. BECK, and in maintaining his plain, unquestionable, and imperative constitutional right the President may count upon the unwavering support of the patriotism, intelligence, and true conservatism of the country.

THE MILITARY AND ELECTION LAWS.

WE have elsewhere considered again the exact point of the controversy between the President and the Democratic majority in Congress. That has no reference to the merits of the bills in question, for if a majority could coerce the Executive by a threat of stopping and disorganizing the government upon any bill, it could do the same thing upon every bill. The laws which are the subject of the contention relate to the summoning of juries, to the presence of soldiers at the polls, and to the appointment of supervisors of national elections. The Republicans have not opposed the repeal of the jury laws, and as a simple question of expediency they would probably assent to that of the military provision. It will be observed that all these laws are safeguards of honest elections, and it is remarkable that all attempts to secure honesty in elections are resisted by the Democratic party. If a registry of voters or a careful inspection of voting is suggested, the proposition is opposed as interfering with the freedom of elections. Nothing is more indispensable than stringent safeguards of the ballot-box. Every good citizen should gladly co-operate in securing them. But the great frauds, those of TWEED in New York, those of SLIDELL in Louisiana, and the recent tissue ballot frauds in South Carolina, have been perpetrated by agents of the party which opposes and denounces reasonable safeguards. Under the present national election laws providing for inspectors and deputy-marshals, the elections in New York, at least, have been more orderly, and every kind of cheating has been more repressed than had been known for many years. It is not pretended that any voter has ever been forced or frightened from the polls in any State by any exercise of military authority or by the presence of soldiers, and under the laws authorizing military interference to keep the peace at the polls the Southern States have been regained by the Democratic party—a fact showing how terrible the military tyranny has been! If the repeal should be carried, there is probably no intelligent man who doubts that the cheating at the polls in New York in 1880 would be very much increased, and that the negro vote in the Southern States would be either suppressed or cast as the Democrats might dictate.

The argument for the repeal is that the control of elections should be left to the States, and that even granting that the States would not take the necessary care, however it might be regretted, it is an incident of our peculiar system, and such a situation is still preferable to centralization. As against the national election law this is not an adequate argument. But it may be conceded that the military provision in its present form is too loose. The law says that no soldiers, or armed men under command of officers of the army or navy, shall be present at any poll on a general or special election in any State except to repel the armed enemies of the United States, or to keep the peace at the polls. This is a perfectly good law when in perfectly good hands. But the President is commander-in-chief of the army and the navy, and he can also call the State militia into service. Under this law he or his deputy officer in any State is the judge of what is disturbance of the peace at the polls. In point of fact we believe that this law has never been really abused. If soldiers have been present or near by in any Southern election, nobody pretends that they have interfered with honest voting, and nobody doubts that their presence has secured it. But the power is enormous. It may be abused. It is safe in the hands of a President like Mr. HAYES, but it might be unsafe in those of another man. Moreover, the immediate and evident necessity of the law has passed—a necessity which was recognized and approved by the country. The general sentiment is favorable to its repeal or modification, and the stanchest Republican papers admit it. The simple repeal of this provision would, perhaps, receive the approval of the President; but if offered to him under a menace, as a condition of continuing the supplies for the government, we do not doubt that he would, as he should, refuse his consent.

The election laws, as they are called, however, are in principle just and expedient. If their details are vague or unsatisfactory, they should be amended; but the Constitution clearly contemplates that Congress may, as it should, have cognizance of the Congressional elections. The people of a State may lawfully elect whom they will, but the election is not a State interest alone; it concerns all the States. It is a high question of expediency. It must be decided in the light of experience and of common-sense. Whatever the exact limit of State right may be, no intelligent man would contend that the equal national rights of all the States are to be dependent upon the whim, or the passion, or the crime of any one State. The Constitution has taken care that Congress may determine the time and place and manner of holding elections for Representatives in Congress, even to overruling the State provisions upon the subject. When Congress, or the Representative of all the States, has reason to fear that fraud and violence will be permitted in any State to vitiate the result of a Congressional election, it may, at its discretion, wait and judge the election when the applicant for a seat appears, or, in the spirit of that authority, it may provide that, upon proper local request of citizens and voters in the State, there may be two officers of inspection, of different parties, detailed by national authority, in the interest of all the States, to watch the polls until the vote is counted. There are details of this law which could be well modified. The appointment of deputy-marshals by the marshal of any district, to arrest summarily at the order of the supervisors, is plainly open to abuse, because there is no provision that the deputies shall be of different parties, and their number is apparently unrestricted. The law, with fair amendments, is a good law, and honest men of all parties can not justly complain of such a law, if well considered and guarded, as centralizing in any offensive sense. The total repeal of the law by a party which has proved its indifference to any adequate protection against dishonest elections, and which is responsible for the most flagrant fraud and terror and violence at elections, would probably be opposed by the President. But its repeal under a menace of disorganizing the government would unquestionably be resisted by him under the highest sense of duty. If the Democrats are wise, they will either amend the law or repeal it by a separate bill, and if it is vetoed, appeal to the country. Republicans would not object to make the fair protection of honest voting a plank in their platform.

DANIEL DEFOE.

A DELIGHTFUL volume in the series of "English Men of Letters," edited by JOHN MORLEY, is the *Defoe* just issued, and written by WILLIAM MINTO. DEFOE is generally known as the author of *Robinson Crusoe*, but this was written when he was nearly sixty years old. All his novels were late fruit of his genius. His works would make a library. During one of the most exciting political epochs in England he was the most active and productive political pamphleteer. Sometimes he was denounced by the Tories, sometimes by the Whigs. He stood in the pillory and was pelted with flowers. He was the friend of WILLIAM the Third and of HARLEY. He wrote for the peace of Utrecht, and he wrote against it. Mr. MINTO thinks him the most consummate liar that ever lived, and concludes that he was a strange compound of knave and patriot. Patriot, however, he seems to have been through all, with a great love of paradox, and a great talent for intrigue. He was a "true-born Englishman," and an admirable illustration of the bravery, shrewdness, humor, political capacity, and intelligence out of which modern England has sprung.

There are several lives of DEFOE, but a few years since Mr. WILLIAM LEE, in his researches in the British Museum, found some valuable letters of DEFOE'S, which had lain unnoticed. Mr. MINTO follows Mr. LEE as a chronological guide, but his conclusions are often essentially different. JOHN FORSTER'S article on DEFOE, published twenty years ago, is a very graphic portrait of a man by whom FORSTER was fascinated. Nor is this surprising, for the two men had much in common. The personal details of FORSTER'S sketch are more copious than those of Mr. MINTO'S. But the latter is mainly occupied in unravelling the real character of the man from the mass of his writings—for DEFOE wrote two hundred and fifty separate books and pamphlets—and there can be little doubt that the estimate of Mr. MINTO will be accepted as the true portrait of DEFOE. Mr. MINTO has evidently complete command of all his material, his judgment is excellent, his spirit generous, and his work is an admirable specimen of the best literary biography. Like all the works of the series, it is very compact; but there is no waste, it is all interest and information.

DEFOE was born just as CHARLES the Second was seated upon his father's throne, and he died in the fourth year of GEORGE the Second. During all that time he was an anonymous political power. He had a talent for plain, forcible, incisive statement in detail, and an intellectual adroitness and quickness which enabled him to turn and tack with great plausibility. He had a relish for intrigue, and during the Whig ascendency in ANNE'S time, and afterward in that of GEORGE the First, he served the Whigs for pay under a Tory mask. But, as we said, he was a Whig always, as indeed at that time a British patriot must have been. He was born a Dissenter, and a Dissenting Tory would have been a phenomenon. He enjoyed battle, and in his day political differences involved actual warfare, exposure to assault and to summary legal penalties. He escaped apparently with the pillory and Newgate for his pamphlet, "The Shortest Way with the Dissenters," which was a satire upon the High Fliers, or extreme Churchmen, in the form of a work written by one of them. It was so clever that it was taken by some of them in good faith; but when the trick was detected, he was made to smart for it. His fertility was prodigious. He wrote incessantly, and made books upon topics of passing interest. POPE ridiculed him, and the "classics" contemned him. But he was, perhaps, the first writer who lived prosperously by the profession of letters, with which he mingled other business activities, and his immense power of self-reliance enabled him to dispense with literary recognition and sympathy. Mr. MINTO becomes so much absorbed in his purpose of discovering DEFOE'S real character that he omits some details which would be gladly known. But the reader follows him with the utmost interest, and feels, as he closes the book, that he knows DEFOE more truly than ever before, and that no one better deserves a place in a biographical series of "English Men of Letters."

"THE SOUTH."

IN his speech upon his defeat as a candidate for the Speakership, Mr. BLACKBURN said, frankly, that he had hoped the position would have been given to "the section and the people with whom I am identified." He was sure that the mistrust of "the South" would have been shown to be unmerited, and he would have endeavored to satisfy his friends of "the North." Who are "the people" with whom Mr. BLACKBURN is "identified?" and does he not know that this is precisely the tone which most justly alienates public feeling? As long as the members from the Southern States continue the old practice of alluding to their section as if it were a region separate and peculiar, the country will see that evil spirit of sectionalism from which so much mischief has sprung. There is a deep and general distrust of that part of the country, which Mr. BLACKBURN and his friends not only do not allay, but which they carefully foster. Mr. LAMAR, in his speech upon the JEFFERSON DAVIS amendment, declared himself to be a patriotic man. Mr. LAMAR should surely know that patriotism in his State can show itself most plainly in one way, and that is by a resolute opposition to every thing which does injustice to the new citizen. So long as the color line remains rigidly drawn, it is because the negro distrusts the white Democrat. Facts and details must be necessarily vague and obscure, but that line will disappear when the white Democrat is known to be friendly, and so long as it lasts, therefore, the just distrust of such States will remain.

The attitude of Mr. BLACKBURN and the leading representatives of the late Slave States is felt to be that of aggressive determination to obtain control of the government, not to administer it wisely and well, but under the forms of law to turn the tables upon those whom they call their enemies. Hence the great and increasing apprehension of Democratic ascendency, not as a change of administrative policy, but as a national peril. This apprehension is deepened by the surrender of a man like Mr. BAYARD. He is almost the one Democrat of great prominence whom Republicans regard as a reasonable and honorable representative of a patriotic Democratic policy. But so strong is party discipline, so bewildering is hope, that at the command of his party he supports in the Senate what he has condemned as revolutionary in the caucus. The conviction is that the party is under the control of its more reckless and desperate members, and that its real statesmen are forced to follow. Mr. BUCHANAN said that he as an individual disappeared in the platform, and this has become so much the rule that the candidate is regarded only as a figure-head. If Mr. BAYARD should be nominated, for instance, for the Presidency, there would be a general conviction that he would be carried by the current of his party to do what individually he would oppose.

It is evident, therefore, that the election

of 1880 will turn not so much upon the character or significance of candidates as upon the question which party is safer for the country. Nomination by a Convention depends often upon combinations and intrigues. The character of the candidate does not necessarily indicate the tendency of the party. It may, indeed, merely forecast a contest within the party. Mr. BLACKBURN apparently expected that what he calls "the South" as "the South" would be recognized by his election to the Speakership. But what is "the South" in our political history? Has Mr. BLACKBURN thought of it? Is "the South" the name of a patriotic, intelligent, peaceful, law-loving, and progressive spirit? Is it a name identified with love of liberty, with jealousy of equal rights, with education, intelligence, industry, and enterprise? Does it signify the peculiarly American genius and civilization? Is it a word which instinctively kindles national pride and enthusiasm? Mr. BLACKBURN unconsciously answers these questions by saying that he wished to prove that "the South" in his official person was not dangerous to the common welfare. He is not Speaker, but he is still in office. Let him and his friends address themselves, as legislators, to prove the same thing. It is the best way in which they can serve their country, whether South or North, or East or West.

NEW YORK POLITICS AND THE COUNTRY.

THE usual fierce battle within the Democratic party is raging in the State of New York. The organ of the Tammany camp declares that the action of the Governor in removing the County Clerk is "revolution," and the exercise of a high executive function is generally supposed to be only a move in the great Presidential game. New York politics have a certain national interest at this time for many reasons. The State is the largest in the Union, and by common consent its electoral vote will decide the election of 1880. Moreover, the Democratic candidate is now usually taken from New York, although the party would not admit, perhaps, that this is necessary. Yet the most probable, the logical candidate for 1880, is a New York politician, who has long played his "little game," and who is believed to be not wholly uninterested in recent events. For these reasons the removal of Mr. GUMBLETON, the Clerk of the County of New York, may be considered to be of general interest, because it is a blow at Tammany Hall, which is the seat of the New York hostility to the renomination of Mr. TILDEN, and has consequently a direct connection with the election of President in 1880. Complaints were laid before the Governor of illegal fees taken by the Clerk, and other misdoings, and after hearing and reflecting the Governor has removed the Clerk. Similar complaints were made of the Register, but after hearing and inquiring the Governor has decided to admonish and retain him. The cases are apparently similar; but the Governor, upon the whole, sufficiently justifies his decision.

It is a good occasion to remember that the Governor in removing does not act as a judge in court. His conduct is the exercise of the discretion of an officer sworn to see that the laws are faithfully executed. If he is persuaded that to secure that end removal is necessary, he may remove; but the circumstances of apparently similar cases will determine his action. The Governor is invested with a great but necessary power, which he must wield according to his conscience; and if there be reason to believe his action to be corrupt, he can be impeached. It is, however, impossible to correct or punish a partisan or political exercise of the power if there be other plausible reasons. The sole remedy is the character of the officer. When great responsibilities of this kind belong to an officer, the community takes the risk of electing the proper incumbent. If it selects a corrupt man, or a mere partisan politician, or a grossly ignorant and unfit man, it must bear the consequences. One of the best methods of securing good men for high offices is to vest great responsibilities in the offices. Governor ROBINSON has done nothing which the law does not authorize; and he is accountable for his conduct first to his own sense of honor and justice, and then to impeachment if a charge of dishonesty or illegality be made against him.

It is all believed, as we said, to be part of a political game, but then the players may fairly expose themselves to such a move. It was the business of Mr. JOHN KELLY, who is the manager of Tammany Hall, to understand that he was playing with shrewd and bold gamesters, who would take advantage of every slip and mistake upon his part, and he should have taken care that the County Clerk did not justly lay himself open to charges. He should have seen that the taking of monstrous fees was not only a wrong, and that refusal to show the books was suspicious, but that such things would alienate public sympathy, and go far to justify the action of the Governor. The same game is supposed to be playing in the Police Department. Mayor COOPER proposes to ask the Governor to remove the Commissioners in the same exercise of his discretion, and he brings charges, some of which are sustained by common and general knowledge. The Mayor charges that the streets are not cleaned; and any body who walked at the time of the charge from the station of the Metropolitan Railroad in Park Place to Broadway, a broad thoroughfare in the centre and most crowded part of the city, would certify to the truth of the charge. Officers who know that other officers are looking for a good and valid reason for disturbing them by an exercise of discretion, ought to be very careful to let no stitches drop, so to speak. The significance of these proceedings in the city of New York to the country at large is that they are most important steps toward the nomination of Mr. TILDEN by the Democratic Convention in 1880. The election of Mr. RANDALL as Speaker and the report of Mr. POTTER's committee are also impressive signs of the same tendency. The Democratic situation is in a nutshell. New York is indispensable. Mr. TILDEN is a far better representative of New York Democracy than any other possible candidate, and through the Governor of the State and the Mayor of the city he controls the patronage, while he is himself an adroit politician. Then he has been "vindicated," and bulldozers and repeaters will never "condone fraud." The TILDEN camp fires are evidently burning brightly.

MISS THACKERAY'S NEW STORY.

THE reading public will welcome the announcement of a serial story, entitled "Susy," by the favorite novelist Miss THACKERAY, author of *Old Kensington*, etc., which will be begun in an early number of *Harper's Bazar*, and continued in weekly installments until the close. The new story is full of interest, and promises to equal the best works of the accomplished author, and to sustain the flattering opinion of the current number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, which says: "Miss THACKERAY's bright and graceful books may be quoted in proof of hereditary genius......Nothing can be purer than her thought or more finished than her style. Some of her pictures, of Norman life in particular, both in landscape and figure painting, show wonderful felicity of touch, with warm delicacy of coloring."

COUNTING THE ELECTORAL VOTES.

THERE is one measure which Congress ought to pass at this extra session, although a short session is very desirable. The measure in question, however, would not of necessity lengthen the session. We mean a law providing for counting the electoral vote. Mr. EDMUNDS's bill for this purpose, which was excellent, to which no serious opposition could be made, unless Congress proposed to become a Returning Board, was passed by the Senate at the late session. The House neglected it, and the Democratic proposition reported from the special committee was remarkable for its absolute reversal of the Democratic and constitutional view, that the States must settle their own electoral quarrels or suffer. The Democratic plan, as reported, is in substance that Congress may reverse the decision of the highest judicial tribunal of a State as to its electoral vote; and if there should be a question of the rightful tribunal, Congress may also reverse the decision of that one whose lawfulness is established.

This is a plan for empowering the majority in Congress to elect a President by methods similar to those ascribed to the Louisiana Returning Board. There is little doubt that some scheme of this kind will be adopted, because if the other principle were to be recognized, the plan of Mr. EDMUNDS is perfectly impartial: it acknowledges the final authority of the State tribunal, and is in strict accordance with constitutional traditions and principles.

It will be observed that the same party which proposes this usurpation of the election by Congress, is very emphatic also for removing restraints upon illegal voting. An impartial observer might say, as indeed an exceedingly intelligent foreigner (an effete European) has already said, "The plan seems to be to make cheating at the polls easy, and if that fails, to raise a question in some of the States, and so enable Congress to review the State result." As the Yankee farmer used to say, when it was raining hard, and he was asked if he thought there would be a shower, "It dooze look like it." In any case some provision should be made before the excitement of the election has actually begun. A Republican Senator has proposed a plan which Republicans would gladly see adopted, and which would secure a fair result. The Democratic suggestion in the last House was one which no American would acknowledge to be right, and which would substantially vest the election of President in a majority of the two Houses of Congress.

PERSONAL.

PERSONS who wish to learn a good deal about China in a few hours should read *Our Chinese Relations*, by Colonel THOMAS W. KNOX, recently published by HARPER & BROTHERS in their "Half-hour Series." Colonel KNOX gives the pith of what an American would wish to know about the commercial affairs of China and its business relations with other countries. The colonel's adventures form not the least interesting part of the book, and are told with all the neatness and point for which that enterprising traveller and genial gentleman is so well known and admired.

—The Rev. Dr. NEVIN, rector of the new American Protestant Episcopal Church in Rome, has won the respect of foreigners in that city by officiating at the funeral of WILLIAM HOWITT on the 5th of March. The London *Times* says: "Setting aside all the littleness of ritual or denominational difference, Dr. NEVIN held an impressive service over one who had always been a conscientious member of the Society of Friends."

—Hon. CHARLES H. BELL, the new United States Senator from New Hampshire, comes of a prominent family in that State. His father, JOHN BELL, was Governor; his uncle, SAMUEL BELL, was Governor four terms, and United States Senator from 1823 to 1835; his cousin, SAMUEL D. BELL, was Chief Justice of the State for many years. The late Senator JAMES D. BELL and Congressman SAMUEL N. BELL were also relatives of his.

—VICTOR HUGO does not age in the felicity of his little *mots*. At a dinner given him on his seventy-eighth birthday he was accompanied by his little grandson and granddaughter, GEORGES and JEANNE. In response to a toast to his health he said, "I am honored by you beyond what I deserve, but your love for me is according to my wishes."

—The late RICHARD HENRY DANA once remarked to a friend with whom he was intimate: "I never remember I am old; I feel young." In fact, he never grew old. His beard grew to be silver-gray, but he never used glasses, and even the print of the London *Guardian* was not too close for him to read by gas-light only a few days before his death. His conversation was as fresh as salt-sea spray. It was racy; it sparkled.

—Duke POZZO DI BORGO, who died recently in Paris at the age of eighty-seven, owned one of the finest residences in France, at Montretout, which was destroyed in the war of 1870–71, but since restored. His income was about $100,000 per annum.

—JEROME BONAPARTE, a grandnephew of NAPOLEON I., has for many years been a resident of Baltimore, and a prominent member of its bar. He is named as a candidate for the vacant position of United States District Judge. It would sound well—"*Judge* BONAPARTE"—the first of his race to wear the ermine, and be addressed as "Your Honor."

—Colonel THOMAS A. SCOTT, who is having such good recuperation in Egypt, writes home that it would prove a great comfort to any busy American who could spare the time to come over there and enjoy a trip through that wonderful land; but he adds that he sees nothing on that side of the Atlantic to compare with our own good America, and that he shall return to her confirmed in the belief that we have the best and greatest country on the face of the earth.

—Colonel CHARLES GORDON GREENE, one of the oldest and most distinguished of American editors, and one of the most agreeable and charming men in the country, is made the subject of an elaborate sketch in a late number of Colonel FORNEY's *Progress*. Colonel GREENE is now in his seventy-fifth year. For fifty years he has been a conspicuous figure and a power in the journalism and politics of the country. "His kindly nature," says Colonel FORNEY, "has preserved health and prolonged life. Like a genuine cosmopolitan editor, he has summered and wintered all the celebrities of his half century, political, social, religious, and theatrical. He has outlived revolutions and crises. He has sorrowed over successful fraud and baffled genius. He has rejoiced over inventions that have made miracles possible and impossibilities probable. And he lives to find the world capable of indefinite development, and his country, with all its faults, the best in the universe."

—Among the minor conventionalities of life in Paris, which may extend to the fashionable life of other countries, is the cravat question. The President of France is a civilian, and the black dress-coat now reigns supreme in the official circles of that country. Uniforms at the Presidential receptions are as far as possible avoided, and it has come to be seriously discussed whether the white cravat ought not to give way to the black cravat. The old men prefer the latter, and at many of the leading clubs the black cravat has been adopted exclusively for dinners.

—ELIHU BURRITT's will gives about $8000 to relatives and charities, and concludes as follows: "Having thus disposed of the property which a kind Providence has put in my possession, in a way which I hope may testify my gratitude for such a gift, I bequeath to this, my native town, the undying affection of a son who held its esteem and special token of consideration above all the honor which he received elsewhere."

—The Prince Imperial himself broke the news of his Zulu expedition to M. ROUHER, who was summoned to Chiselhurst for the purpose. Taking affectionately the hand of the ex-minister, he said, "I am about to leave England with the expeditionary force." M. ROUHER was amazed, and remonstrating, said that the Prince had forgotten what he owed to his adherents. But the young man replied that his absence would only last four short months, and that his friends, who had remained faithful to him for upward of eight years, might well preserve their fidelity during so brief a period. Then he bade M. ROUHER adieu, kissed his mother, who was weeping, and left the room calm and resolute. The Empress accompanied him to Southampton, where they were received on board the ship by young ladies with bouquets of violets, and by cheers from the by-standers. Prince LOUIS, in the very best of English, said, "Thanks, very much indeed. I am very grateful to you for your kind reception."

—The particularly intellectual member of the royal family of England is Prince LEOPOLD, who, in consequence of a constitutional malady, has been thrown back upon studious pursuits. A short time ago he attended a great meeting in London, called by the Lord Mayor, and spoke with marked ability on behalf of the extension of university education. A correspondent present on the occasion says that "Mr. GLADSTONE congratulated the Prince upon his speech, and was evidently astonished both by his fluency and the cogency of his arguments. Prince LEOPOLD has long desired to adopt the Church as a profession, and the matter has again been discussed at court very recently—so it is confidently affirmed. He certainly has a strong leaning to clericalism, but what we should do with a prince of the blood in the Church I do not know. He would prove such a 'sensation' that there would be no place large enough to hold his audiences, unless Mr. SPURGEON agreed to give up the Metropolitan Tabernacle for his use. I am inclined to think that the Church of England would find a great influx of candidates for confirmation if it became known that the Queen's son was willing to lay his hands upon them."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE extra session of the Forty-sixth Congress, called by the President, was opened March 18. Both Houses have a Democratic majority. Thirty Democratic members of the Senate are from the South, and thirteen from the rest of the country. Of the 287 Representatives now enrolled, 155 served in the last House. Mr. Randall was elected Speaker, by a vote of 144 out of 283, Mr. Garfield receiving 125, Mr. Wright 13, and Mr. Kelley 1.—On the 19th, a brief Message from President Hayes was sent to both Houses, calling attention to the estimates of appropriations needed for the army, and the legislative, executive, and judicial branches of the government. Senator Burnside again introduced the bill for the reorganization of the army. The Senate standing committees were announced. Twenty of the chairmen are from the South. In the House, the Florida contested election case was settled in favor of Mr. Hull (Democrat), by a vote of 140 to 136.

The United States corvette *Alaska*, at San Francisco, has been ordered to go to Sitka to protect American citizens who are threatened by the Indians.

The Republicans and Democrats of Rhode Island held State Conventions at Providence March 20. The Republicans nominated C. C. Van Zandt for Governor, and Albert Howard for Lieutenant-Governor. The Democrats, for Governor, Thomas W. Segar; for Lieutenant-Governor, J. D. Bailey.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THERE was great excitement in the German Reichstag, March 17, during the discussion of a report explaining the action of the government in instituting the petty state of siege in Berlin. Herr Liebknecht strongly censured the measure, and defended the Socialists. "Their societies," he said, "might be dissolved and their journals suppressed, yet they would cling to their tenets. If the government could prove connection of the German Socialists with the attempts on the lives of the kings of Spain and Italy, he would accept the anti-Socialist law. Remaining seated when the Emperor was being cheered was no insult, but merely a duty which Socialists owed to their political convictions." The President of the Reichstag, amid cheers, remarked that this conduct offended the moral sense of the Chamber. Herr Liebknecht continued: "If a republic is established in Germany—" He was unable to finish the sentence, in consequence of the uproar which the words provoked. The President threatened to deprive him of his right of speech. Count von Eulenburg explained that the government's reason for proclaiming the state of siege was that Berlin was in great danger, because it was the home of the Socialist agitation. Referring to what he termed the assassination and murder epidemic, he said investigation showed that the instruments of crime were prepared in Berlin and East Prussia. The Reichstag took formal cognizance of the report concerning the state of siege.

Another change in the French cabinet is deemed imminent, involving the withdrawal of M. Waddington from the Premiership.—The majority in the Chamber of Deputies against the impeachment of the De Broglie and Rochebouet cabinets consisted of 183 Republicans and 134 Legitimists and Bonapartists. The minority consisted of 158 Republicans and 1 Bonapartist. Nineteen Republicans abstained from voting.—M. Albert Grévy, brother of the President, being unwilling to resign his seat in the Chamber of Deputies, has been appointed to go to Algeria on a temporary mission, but clothed with the full powers of Governor.—The preface of M. Jules Ferry's Education Bill, brought forward in the Chamber of Deputies, states that, according to existing law, foreigners are not allowed to teach school in France, and declares that the same exclusion should apply to an order essentially foreign, by the character of its doctrines, nature and aim, and its statutes. This passage refers to the Jesuits, who have twenty-seven colleges in France, with 848 teachers. Twenty-six other communities, having sixty-one establishments and 1089 teachers, are also unrecognized by the State, and would consequently be deprived by the bill of the right of teaching.

The latest news from Burmah is to the effect that the king is constructing fortified works and making other warlike preparations, and that he has summoned the Burmese residents of Rangoon to return to their own country, threatening to have their families executed in case of non-compliance. The cause of the trouble between the Burmese and the British Resident at Mandalay is that the latter protects and refuses to deliver up to slaughter two royal princes and their families who have taken refuge at the Presidency.

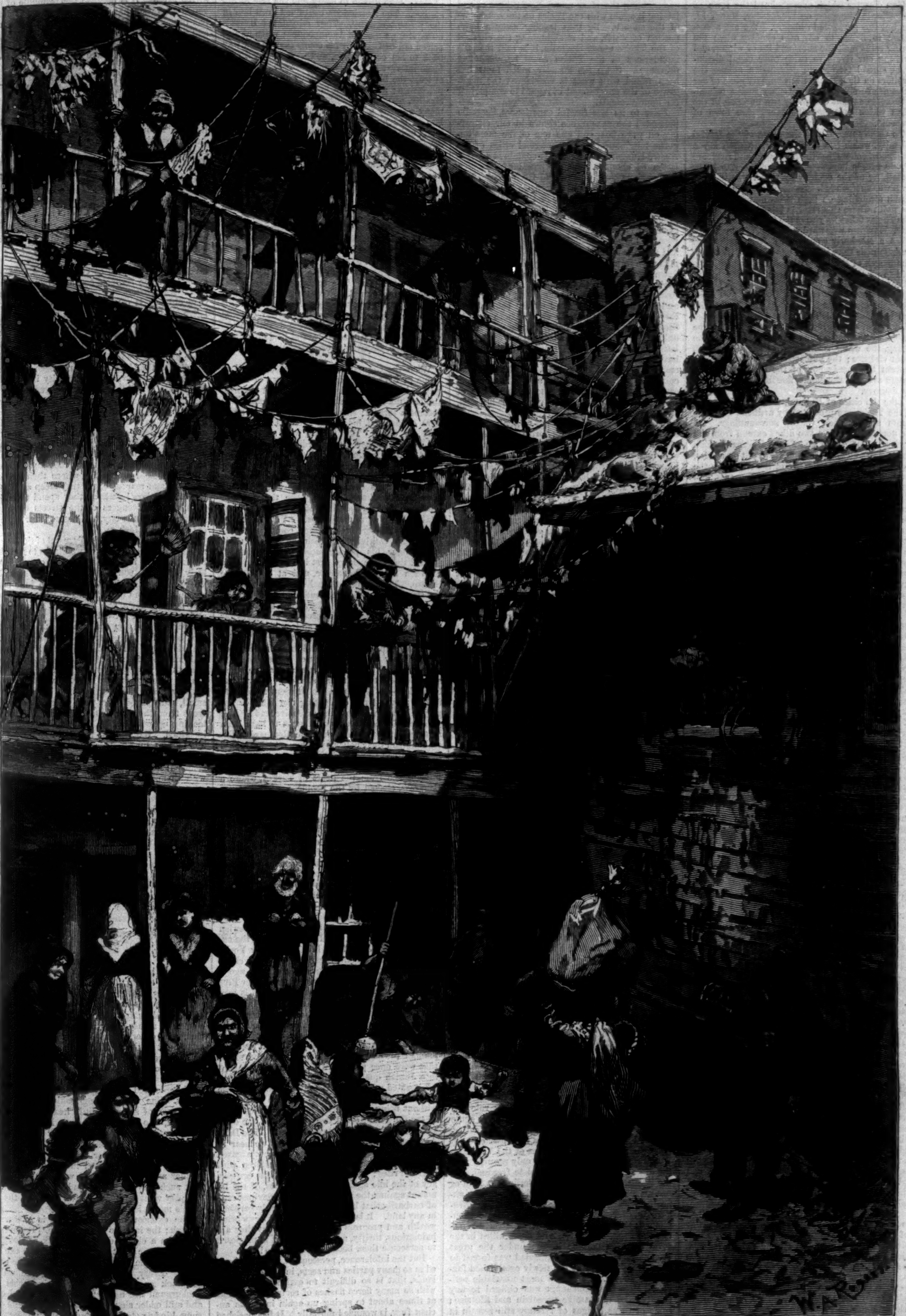
At Bleiberg, in the Austrian Tyrol, recently, ten houses were crushed by an avalanche. Forty persons were killed, eighteen seriously injured, and fifteen others are missing.

The Haytian steamer *Michel* was run into and sunk by the British steamer *Bolivar*. Sixty persons were drowned.

The report that Colonel Pearson had been attacked at Ekowe by a large force of Zulus, and that the latter were defeated with enormous loss, turns out to be untrue. Sir Stafford Northcote has declared in the House of Commons that the government did not intend to remove Lord Chelmsford from his command.

Prince Gortchakoff, in a dispatch dated February 7, answers Lord Salisbury's dispatch of January 26, pressing the execution of the Treaty of Berlin by Russia. Prince Gortchakoff declines to enter upon a useless discussion. He holds that Lord Salisbury's dispatch contains nothing which conflicts in principle with the Russian view of the execution of the Treaty of Berlin, but it shows that the British government has been sometimes mistaken in regard to the intentions of Russia and her agents. The latter, he says, must support within the limits of the Treaty of Berlin interests of the population for whose defense Russia made war. A general understanding would be greatly facilitated if those populations acquired the conviction that their interests would be effectually defended by Europe within the same limits when Russian troops were no longer there to protect them.

THE CITY OF SZEGEDIN, HUNGARY, RECENTLY DESTROYED BY A FLOOD.—From a Photograph.—[See Page 266.]



TENEMENT LIFE IN NEW YORK—RAG-PICKERS' COURT, MULBERRY STREET.—Drawn by William A. Rogers.—[See Page 266.]

THE GREAT FLOOD IN HUNGARY.

THE disaster which overwhelmed the town of Szegedin, in Hungary, on Wednesday, March 12, has but few parallels in history. We are accustomed to floods in our own country when the spring rains melt the snow and ice of winter, and swelling our rivers to twice their usual dimensions, spread terror and destruction among the dwellers on their banks; but happily none of our cities are so situated as to render such a calamity possible as that caused by the bursting of the dikes which protected the Hungarian town of Szegedin.

To rightly understand the cause of the fearful calamity, which has destroyed more than seven millions of dollars' worth of property, and rendered 80,000 people homeless, it is necessary to know something of the country by which this ill-fated town was surrounded. Szegedin was built upon a marsh stretching on both sides of the Theiss at the point where this river is joined by the Maros. The Theiss takes its rise in the Carpathian Mountains. It flows westward to Tokay, after which it takes a southerly course until it flows into the Danube near the southern boundary of Hungary. The length of the river, with all its sinuosities, is said to be more than 800 miles, and the extent of country drained by it is estimated at 69,000 square miles. The country, for over 300 miles along the lower part of the river, is a level plain, and the banks, which are very low, are covered with swamps overgrown with reeds. When the snows in the mountains begin to melt in the spring, the water rushes down their slopes with great violence; the numerous bends in the river prevent the steady flow of the current, and the waters overflow the banks, flooding the surrounding country.

Like the cities of Holland, those on the banks of the Theiss are protected by artificial embankments against their watery surroundings. On the north of Szegedin two dikes extend from the Theiss to the Alfold and Fiume Railroad, which runs north and south, and is also built on a dike, forming the western defense of the city. On the south are two similar dikes. On the east, and running along the river-side, is another dike, upon which runs the Temesvar Railroad, which crosses the Theiss north of its confluence with the Maros. On the other side of the Theiss, just below its junction with the Maros, is the suburb called New Szegedin, which is likewise surrounded by dikes. In ordinary cases these embankments are an efficient protection; but when, in an instance like that we are recording, one or more of these dikes give way, Szegedin, by its artificial defenses, becomes a basin, and the waters, rushing in with irresistible force, convert the city into a lake.

For nearly a week before the late fearful catastrophe took place the terrified people of Szegedin watched the rising waters of the Theiss with anxiety. Many villages had already been swept away. Dorozsma, but a short distance from Szegedin, and containing some four hundred houses, was totally destroyed, its inhabitants having been forced to take refuge on a hill. Finally, two of the defenses that withheld the water from the doomed city burst. The remaining embankment was that of the Alfold Railway, upon which all efforts were concentrated, 5000 men being immediately set at work to strengthen it. A dispatch to the London *Daily News*, dated Monday, March 10, shows the superhuman efforts that were made to avert the final catastrophe: "Eighty thousand people are here, including refugees from the country. A state of siege has been declared. Every body who is summoned is obliged to work on pain of death. The wind is rising. The water is rushing under the embankment and wants but a few inches to master us. We await the worst."

By Tuesday night it became apparent that all efforts were useless. The workmen withdrew to places of safety to wait for the disaster. At three o'clock in the morning the water broke through with immense force, carrying away a portion of the embankment, the railway station, and numbers of cars. Within three hours the town was many feet deep in water. Whole rows of houses were swept from their foundations, and large buildings that had been considered safe as places of refuge shared the general ruin. The orphanage and the synagogue were destroyed, the inmates of the former perishing in the home that charity had devised for them. Two manufactories caught fire even while the flood poured round them. The flight of the inhabitants from the scene, the shrieks of the dying, the roar of falling buildings, and the rush of the destroying waters make up a scene that the imagination can only faintly picture. Days passed before any attempt was made to stay the course of the waters, and then all that could be done was to cut through the lower embankments so that they might pass off. Meanwhile arrangements were made for the removal of the inhabitants, and assistance was sent from all parts of the empire. The Emperor himself visited the ruined town in person. In an address to those who had suffered by the disaster he expressed his deep sympathy for those of his subjects who had lost property and home and friends by such a direful calamity, and begged them to await patiently the help that would certainly be rendered.

The terrific flood which has just been described is not the first that has overwhelmed the valley of the Theiss. In the spring of 1845 a destructive inundation occurred, after which an association of the property-owners along the river-side was formed to devise means to avert future disasters. The channel of the river was straightened in several places by digging canals, so as to give the current a steadier flow, and more than eighty miles of dikes were thrown up along the banks to keep the water in the channel. An inundation of the city occurred in 1870, and in 1874 the suburb of New Szegedin was submerged. The government then proposed to change the course of the Maros, which pours immense volumes of water into the Theiss, by cutting a canal and guiding the river round New Szegedin, and joining it again with the Theiss on the south side of the suburb. By thus leading away a large portion of water, and straightening the channel of the Theiss above Szegedin, it is said that the inundations of the Theiss could be absolutely prevented. Since the disaster much fault has been found with what is considered the negligence of the government in regard to completing the improvements.

Prior to its late fearful experiences, Szegedin presented the appearance shown in our engraving on page 264, and was one of the most important industrial and commercial cities of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. It contained a population of about 88,000, composed of Magyars, Wallachians, Sclavonians, and Germans. There were also large numbers of gypsies in and about Szegedin, but these contributed but little to the prosperity of the place. The country about Szegedin is said to be the most fertile in Hungary, and has been called "the corn store of Europe." Large quantities of corn are raised there, and the vine is extensively cultivated. The products were formerly taken to Szegedin, and thence down the river. There was also a brisk trade in timber. Szegedin had, besides New Szegedin, four other suburbs on the same side of the river, and as they were protected by the same dikes, they suffered like the main city. There were in Szegedin six Roman Catholic churches, one non-union Greek church, and a large synagogue. The latter building is the one already spoken of as having been destroyed. There were also a gymnasium, high and elementary schools, a Piarist college, established in 1720, and a Franciscan convent, founded in 1468; also an institution of the Sisters of Christian Charity, a public hospital, and theatre.

Szegedin is one of the most ancient cities of Hungary, and was a strong fortress in the days of MATTHEUS CORVINUS. In 1458 the Landtag was held there, and war declared against the Emperor FREDERICK III. In 1551 the Turks captured the city and built a fort, which they held till 1668. In 1715 Szegedin was raised to the dignity of a royal city. From 1831 until the revolution in 1848 the fort was used as a state-prison, where political offenders from the Lombard-Venetian kingdom were confined. In 1848 Szegedin became the head-quarters of the revolutionary leaders PERCZEL, MOR, and DAMYANICK, and the patriots from the surrounding country flocked to it. The following year it was the seat of the Hungarian Diet, and was stormed unsuccessfully by the Austrians and the Russians. A powder-magazine was subsequently exploded, however, and the small army of Hungarian patriots was forced to evacuate the city, which was taken possession of by the imperialists.

We are indebted to the courtesy of Major KOVÁCS, a native of Szegedin, but now resident in this city, for the photograph from which our engraving is made.

THE JEWS OF ROUMANIA.

A PROMINENT Deputy at a recent meeting of the Italian Parliament proposed that the recognition of Roumania by his government should be refused until complete civil and religious liberty had been established in that new state. He alluded to the disabilities imposed upon the Jews. Roumania is almost the last of the civilized nations to persecute for race or creed. The Chinese legislation in our own Congress and the treatment of the colored race at the South by white politicians are glaring exceptions to the general rule, and the attitude of the extreme faction of the Papal Church in Spain, Brazil, its utterances at Rome, are traits of a similar spirit. Yet proscription and intolerance in every land are slowly fading away; those who maintain them will certainly perish with them. The treatment of the Jews in the various European states has risen during the present century from extreme intolerance to the verge of almost retributive generosity. When HEINE, of his gifted race one of the most gifted, sang in his painful youth of the stings of social and political inferiority, the Jew was still almost an outcast, a pariah, in every European land. At Rome the close of the Napoleonic wars found the Jews shut up in their Ghetto, the foulest quarter of the mediæval city, taxed as a race and sect, held in a kind of bondage that was distinguished from slavery only by the superior privileges of the slaves—an accursed race, the helpless objects of scorn to the worshippers of the Madonna and the Pope. Time has brought its revenge, and to-day among the firmest supporters of that Italian government that holds in check the persecuting instincts of the clerical caste are the cultivated Jews. They rule the press, shine in the tribune, at the bar, their acute intellect stimulated by the memory of past sufferings and by the future dangers that menace them from the plots and maledictions of the Vatican.

In Protestant Germany it is only recently that the Jews have won their complete freedom. In the last century they lived at Berlin in a kind of vassalage; they were subjected to the most annoying restrictions. HENSEL, in his *Life of Mendelssohn*, describes their condition, oppressed, contemned: they were forced, under FREDERICK WILLIAM the First, to buy the wild boars killed in the royal hunt—a pointed insult; under the great FREDERICK every Jew who married was forced to purchase porcelain at the newly established factory at Berlin, usually the most unsalable articles. MOSES MENDELSSOHN was obliged to buy twenty apes of massive porcelain and life size; some of these badges of tyranny still remain in the family. From some of the German towns the Jews were driven away altogether; in others they were suffered to live only in small numbers, herded together in a filthy quarter. Only a certain number of Jewish marriages were allowed. They were loaded with taxes, forbidden to become merchants; were driven to usury and the sale of old clothes. The restrictions continued until late in the present century. They stimulated HEINE's bitter Muse, a modern ARCHILOCHUS; when he was driven out of Germany his songs found their way back to his countrymen, and were read with intense interest in secrecy and fear. They roused at least the blush of shame, they awoke German patriotism; and many a kinglet and petty principality, many a prejudice and gross restriction, many a fabric of tyranny, has fallen before the lyre of the angry bard. Germany to-day owes much of its freedom, its mental superiority, to the Jewish mind. A process not dissimilar has set free the Jew in France and England, and placed him among their most useful citizens. The Jewish politicans of France are Frenchmen at once and Israelites. In England, the Hebrew element of the population has reached an extraordinary influence. But it was in the United States that the first example of complete toleration was given, and when the MENDELSSOHNS were buying porcelain apes in Berlin, and England refused citizenship to the Jews, the republican impulses of WASHINGTON and JEFFERSON, FRANKLIN, ADAMS, had endowed with perfect liberty and equality the persecuted sons of ABRAHAM. The example of justice and humanity conquered. Even the Tory faction in England, which had resolutely defended the right of persecution, was at last overpowered by a more liberal sentiment. Through all the English-speaking races the Jew is set free, and lends his intelligence and sympathy to every impulse of popular progress.

What the German victory of 1870, the fall of Rome in September, did for the Jews of Rome, may be learned from M. ABOUT's brilliant pictures. Under PIUS IX. the Jew was never permitted to become a farmer; should he attempt it, his crops were confiscated, his barns pillaged. He could hold no office. The Ghetto was an accursed soil, where neither Pope, cardinals, nor bishops could venture without pollution. A Jewish marriage was never recognized. The wife might marry a Christian lover, for the Jews were not looked upon as men. "The most unfortunate Jews in Italy," said ABOUT, "are the Jews of Rome. The neighborhood of the Vatican is as fatal to them as to Christians." Yet the rule of PIUS IX. was merciful and kind compared to the Babylonish captivity in which the Israelites had lived under his predecessors. The "Church" penned them like sheep, first in the Vale of Egeria, then in the Trastevere, and at last in the Ghetto. They were suffered to wander through the streets in the daytime, but at night were shut in under lock and key. They were kept in filth and squalor. They were forced to run races for the amusement of priests and nobles. Every year the Roman Senator gave them an official kick, for which they made him a present of $800. They paid the salary of a preacher who was employed to convert them, and a fine when they refused to hear his sermon. They were forbidden—as Roumania would seem to wish to forbid them—from cultivating the land, or engaging in manufactures and extensive trade. The practice of the Church would seem to have been imitated in Roumania, and the Roumanian liberals defend their policy by arguments that would have justified GREGORY XVI. and exculpated PIUS IX. Roumania is a free state, torn by European interference from the heart of Turkey, where a Congress, elected by the people, proposes to enforce civil and religious liberty, and where universal suffrage is the rule of government. One-tenth of its people—about 500,000—are Jews. These it is proposed to deprive of the right of voting, even of freedom of trade. Mr. LÖWY, the secretary of the Jewish Association in London, remonstrates against the Roumanian treaties with foreign powers, and points out the bitter injustice they would inflict upon his countrymen.

The arguments produced by the Roumanian liberals (?) to defend their policy seem borrowed from the Middle Ages and the Crusaders; they would not altogether justify the sack of a Jewish quarter, the plunder of a Hebrew library, the expulsion of the Jews from London or New York; but they would certainly lead to something closely resembling the intolerance of a century ago—of Berlin under FREDERICK, and Rome under PIUS IX. It is because the Jewish population is rapidly increasing, because it is successful in trade, the most active, industrious, that the irrational leaders of Roumania would impose upon it restrictions, and expel it from the land. We are indignantly assured that it is possible in the Roumanian towns "to see whole streets and shops that were once peopled with Roumanians turned into Jewish quarters, and counters stocked with adulterated goods and false merchandise; to see how a Christian can hardly pass in the street without being insulted by Jewish children; and to see them muttering their prayers in the open streets, and impeding all circulation." The Dark Ages seem almost come again, and we hear in the Roumanian argument the spirit that accused the Jews of sacrificing Christian children with horrible rites; of magic, sorcery; of the conspiracy of the idle against the industrious, of the ignorant against the studious; of that envious rage of barbarity that has not yet apparently perished in any land. It is not denied that the Jews bring wealth and progress to Roumania, that they are industrious, thrifty, active, useful; it is proposed to persecute them because they are so!

But the intolerance, persecution, that is defended in so many parties and sects, in so many cities, lands, that is so difficult to extirpate, that dies with so many fierce flashes of revival, and seems at times about to spring up again in all its ancient fury, is wounded mortally. It has perished at Paris and Rome, in London and Berlin; it will die alike in Texas and New Orleans, in California and Roumania. No nation or community that encourages the fatal principle, the odious element of decay, can hope to rise to prosperity, or rank high among the cultivated communities of the earth. It is because the principle of universal toleration has been adopted that America has become a land of freedom, that the Atlantic and the Pacific are bordered with republican States and cities, that representative assemblies and popular progress have supplanted in Europe the savage despotisms of the earlier age, that France is a republic, and Roumania free. Had the opposite principle prevailed, and WASHINGTON and LAFAYETTE fallen before the Tory reaction in England; had HAMPDEN and SIDNEY, the GRACCHI of all the past, labored and died in vain, Roumania would have remained the slave of the Janizaries, Europe of feudal tyrants, and the savage still wandered over the desolate sites of Chicago and San Francisco.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

TENEMENT LIFE IN NEW YORK.

To the visitor who is not an indifferent observer, each one of the black holes of New York in which the poor are huddled together, as seen in succession, seems blacker than the others. "Bottle Alley" was as bad as could be, yet "Gotham Court" in some respects seemed even worse, and now "Rag-pickers' Court" strikes one as worse than either. It may be that the effect is cumulative, and that changing them around, in whatever order, it would still appear that while the first seemed bad as could be, the last was the worst. It is true, nevertheless, that in each of these dark dens some new form of wretchedness peculiar to that locality, and not seen elsewhere, is brought to view, and the novelty is shocking. In "Bottle Alley" there were filthiness and crowding, in "Gotham Court" both these and something more—the darkness almost of the grave itself, that gave one the impression of dwelling among the dead—while in the haunt of the rag-picker are all these, and, besides, the abominable belongings of the lowest occupation known to men. For right in the very rooms where their food is cooked and eaten, where their children are born and reared, where they sleep at night—God knows how!—where they spend their Sundays, these scavengers of the streets dump the filthy refuse of the city, and assort it for the buyers of such rubbish.

The spot is easily found. Turn out of the Bowery at Bayard Street, go down two blocks to Mulberry Street, and it is just around the corner. Any body can tell you where the rag-pickers live. There is no mistaking the place. A junk-man's cellar in the front house opens widely to the street, and peering down, one may see a score of men and women half buried in heaps of dirty rags and paper which they are gathering up and putting into bales for the paper-mills. This is the general dépôt to which the *chiffonnier* brings his odds and ends for sale after he has assorted them. Just as we emerge from the cellar a rag-picker, heavily laden, passes up the stoop and enters the hallway above. Following him, we come to a small, badly paved court-yard, which separates the front from the rear houses. Standing here and looking up, one beholds a sight that can not be imagined. Rags to the right of him, rags to the left of him, on all sides, rags, rags, nothing but rags. Lines in the yard strung with them, balconies festooned with them, fire-escapes draped with them, windows hung with them; in short, every available object dressed in rags—and such rags! of every possible size, shape, and color. Some of them have been drawn through the wash-tub to get off the worst of the dirt, but for the most part they are hung up just as they are taken from the bags, and left to the rain and sun to cleanse them. The picture drawn by our artist shows the rear houses. The corresponding ones on the front are decked in the same manner. All four of these houses open into the one court, which is reached by two narrow hallways leading from the street. The yard is in an abominable condition, hardly a whit better than a pig-sty. Picking his way carefully through its unmentionable filth, the visitor comes to the rear house, and begins his exploration of the rooms. There are four on each floor, or twelve in all, the upper ones being reached by outside stairways, as in "Bottle Alley." None of the apartments is larger than eight or ten by twelve or fourteen feet, and some are even smaller. Most of the inmates are men, but there is at least one woman in nearly every room, some of them married, and others not. Very few children were seen, most of them being away on begging tours, or engaged as boot-blacks or street musicians. Those who were at home were as dirty as they could be. Five were playing together, while the mother looked on, apparently enjoying their sports. She was a young-looking woman to be the owner of so many little heads. One of the children, who could speak some English, stopped her play and said, inquiringly, "You make go out?" referring to themselves. The family was probably in arrears for rent, and was living in the fear of being turned into the street. The mother and her little ones were happy to know that such was not the errand of the visitor, and the play went on again to the music of the children's merry laughter.

The exterior of the building is picturesque enough; the interior is equally so. Some of the rooms on a cloudy day are as dark as dungeons, with but little light coming in through the dirty window on the front and the smaller one on the back. Every inch of the ceiling and walls is as black as printers' ink. Against this dark background are hung unused hats of odd colors and still odder shapes, musical instruments of various kinds, pots, kettles, and pans, pokers, joints of raw meat partly consumed, strings of Bologna sausages, the gowns of the women, and great pipes, one whiff of which would satisfy the hardiest smoker, and the mahogany hues of which would

delight the owner of a real meerschaum. The beds are almost invariably covered with old carpets that still retain some bits of their original colors. None of the chairs have backs, and hardly any of them have four legs. Some are of common wood, others have cane seats, while here and there is a broken-down rose-wood that has done years of service in some fashionable parlor, and then in its decrepitude has been tossed into the street. Seated on these uncertain supports, or oftener on an empty soap-box or upturned boiler, are the rag-pickers. Every man in the house has his hat on, including one who is in bed napping after the hard work of the early morning. Not a bare-headed man is seen any where. Some are sitting dreamily by the stove, but most of them are sorting old rags or cutting up old coats and pantaloons that are too rotten to wear, and stuffing the bits into bags for the junk-dealer. In one room a woman is plucking a well-seasoned goose with her dirty hands. The sight is enough to make one vow against the use of geese as food for the rest of his life. In another place four men are seated on a big chest with a cut of Bologna sausage in one hand and a chunk of bread in the other, making their noonday meal. These same hands have just been turning over the filthy scraps from the garbage boxes and the gutters. On the ground-floor a man, who looks for all the world like a brigand, is stirring broth over the fire, and the horrible odor of rottenness that comes from the pot is enough to knock one down. No one unaccustomed to such smells could stay in the room a minute. Here eight men herd together, and sleep in an atmosphere that one would think might produce a pestilence.

None of the members of this Italian colony speak English, except here and there one who has mastered a few common phrases; but there is one word that all of them understand, and that is "Beer!" Here, as in "Bottle Alley," kegs are found in several of the rooms, where the contents are dealt out at a cent a glass. It is nearly all sour stuff, given to the men for helping on the brewers' wagons, or sold to them at the end of the day for a mere trifle. "Is there much drunkenness there?" the writer asked of a police officer. "Oh yes, Sir," he replied; "we can go in there, or in any of these alleys, any night, and get a cart-load of drunk and disorderlies. We don't take them one by one, but gather them up in a hand-cart and wheel them off to the station-house. They are not usually the people who live there, but bummers who go there to get the drink."

The writer had an opportunity of seeing a fair sample of these customers on his way out. Stopping a moment to take a last look at the lines of dirty rags, he saw a besotted creature come in from the street. He was evidently a young man, but his bloated face told too surely that he was in the last stage of a dissipated life. The moment he entered the yard he spied the stranger, and hesitating an instant, he seemed about to retreat, but thinking himself unobserved, he slipped around to the back door of the front house, and gently tapped with the ends of his fingers. The signal was answered by an old man, who cautiously opened the door and looked out. Recognizing his customer, he slipped the bolt and let him in. The writer followed, and entered the room immediately behind the sot. It needed only a glance to discover the character of the den and its inmates. It was the rendezvous of the most abandoned persons to be found any where in the slums of New York. The room was no larger than a small bedroom, and bore the appearance of never having been cleaned since the house was built. In the corner of the room nearest the door sat two Irishwomen warming themselves by the little stove. Both were stupid with liquor, and both had black eyes, received probably in a fight the night before. In another corner, beside the bed, stood the beer keg, from which the patrons of the place where supplied with their favorite drink. The odor of the place was intolerable, and a change of air was speedily sought by the visitor. This was but one beer-room—there are a dozen more hard by, and scores of them, the policeman said, in the neighboring alleyways on the same street.

A word or two more, and we bid good-by to "Rag-pickers' Court." The men who live in these wretched hovels pay from five to six dollars a month rent out of earnings that hardly ever exceed fifty cents a day. The agent who lets the property lives in New Jersey. The owner—well, if the name were mentioned, it would surprise the people of New York city.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

APRIL.

Sunday, 6.—Sunday before Easter.
Thursday, 10.—Thursday before Easter.
Friday, 11.—Good-Friday.
Saturday, 12.—Easter-Even.
Sunday, 13.—Easter-Day.
Sunday, 20.—First Sunday after Easter.
Friday, 25.—St. Mark.
Sunday, 27.—Second Sunday after Easter.

IT was a notable occasion which brought together the representatives of the Catholic press throughout the world to Rome to pay their homage to the Pope. Seven hundred journalists were present, representing Italy, France, Spain, Austria, America, etc. It was a gala-day —February 22—many cardinals, archbishops, and bishops being present. LEO XIII. delivered an elaborate address, in which he counselled "a moderate tone of writing, which does not offend readers by an excessive or inopportune acerbity of style." The most striking passage of the address, however, was that in which the Pope avowed his determination to contend unflinchingly for the restoration of his temporal power. "The Roman pontiffs," said he, "have ever felt it their sacred duty to defend this civil sovereignty from violation or disturbance, and to preserve intact the sacred rights of the Church of Rome; and we ourselves, following the example of our predecessors, have not failed, nor will we ever fail, to assert and vindicate those rights." This gathering of journalists shows a purpose to unite them in the common advocacy of a papal policy, and to influence and guide them from the Vatican.

The Rev. Dr. JAMES DE KOVEN, one of the leaders of the High-Church wing of Episcopalianism, died suddenly at Racine College, Wisconsin, on March 19. He was a man of great vigor, fearless in the assertion of his opinions, an orator of considerable power, and devotedly loved by the friends who shared his theological views. Dr. DE KOVEN was born in Connecticut in 1831, and graduated from Columbia College, in this city, in 1854. In 1875 the diocese of Illinois chose him for bishop, but the election failed of confirmation by the diocesan standing committees. The chief work of his life was done at Racine College, of which he was dean for twenty years. He was also last year appointed assistant rector of Trinity Church in this city, but declined the position. Some time in February last he fell and broke his leg; his long confinement brought on apoplexy, which suddenly ended his life.

The Church of the Messiah (Unitarian), in Park Avenue, New York, whose financial trials have been many and great, has at last freed itself from a debt of $124,000. Of this total the sum of $68,000 was raised by the congregation; All-Souls' Church, of which Dr. HENRY W. BELLOWS is pastor, surrendered $21,000 of claims in the shape of bonds; and the American Unitarian Association contributed $35,000—one-third of its capital. Thus relieved, the congregation celebrated its fifty-fourth anniversary on March 18 with much enthusiasm. Dr. BELLOWS delivered the commemorative discourse, and in it gave counsels which are good for churches of every creed. Speaking of the means adopted for securing the needed sum, he said, "No immoral acts of money-raising were employed; no locking of people in the church until a certain sum was raised, nor passionate appeals to generosity creating rivalry in subscriptions." This church is without a pastor; the last was the Rev. Dr. WILLIAM R. ALGER, who resigned in 1878.

The charges that Mr. BARRON, the cashier of the savings-bank of Dexter, Maine, was a defaulter, and that so far from having sacrificed his life in defending the funds in his care, he had committed suicide, were very painful. On the supposition of suicide, he had simulated an attack by robbers, had tied himself, and had then put himself to death. Yet this theory was offered by detectives, and gained a certain amount of credence. Bank-examiner TITCOMB has now reported to the trustees that there was no defalcation, that the note due the bank for $2000 by Mr. BARRON was paid, and that his books of account are correct. The citizens of Dexter and others had raised a fund for a Barron Memorial Congregational Church; they believed that he had sacrificed his life heroically at the post of duty. It will be a relief to them to find that their faith still rests on good and sufficient grounds.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions has been bequeathed over half a million of dollars by the late Deacon ASA OTIS, of New London, Connecticut. The American Home Missionary Society will also receive from his estate $5000, the American Bible Society $5000, and the American Tract Society $5000. The *Congregationalist* speaks of the announcement of this legacy as "the event of the week in religious circles." As to the use to be made of so large a sum, it thinks that several of the Board's educational institutions will be put on an efficient footing, and that a beginning will be made of a mission to Central Africa.

GEORGE MÜLLER, the founder of the orphan asylums at Ashley Downs, near Bristol, is spending his last days in the work of evangelism. At the close of last year he visited Spain, and held meetings at Barcelona, Saragossa, and Madrid. From Spain he proceeded to France, and preached at Biarritz, Pau, Bordeaux, and Cannes. It is stated that during the present year he will visit America again.

Signs of the growth of a better feeling in France toward Protestantism are continually appearing. *L'Évangéliste*, the Wesleyan organ, reports that "Protestantism is in the air. Protestant preaching is received with eagerness. From one end of the country to the other there runs a current of sympathy toward our faith." The secular papers of the liberal class express the opinion that France has entered upon a new era. "Unless we deceive ourselves," says the *Journal des Débats*, "the change is one of those which form an epoch in the life of a people." The Archbishop of Paris has been castigated by the Paris press for his rude letter to Father HYACINTHE. The city authorities have demanded the exclusion of Catholic teaching brotherhoods and sisterhoods from the communal schools of Paris. This subject has been referred by the Prefect of the Seine to the Minister of Public Instruction, who has only so far modified the decision of the City Council as to order that the work of exclusion shall proceed "slowly but surely."

The British House of Commons has tried once more to determine how Dissenters shall be buried; happily it suffers them to live in such way as they deem best. The last vote taken, on the evening of Ash-Wednesday, decided the question only negatively. On motion that unconsecrated ground be added to parish church-yards, the vote stood, for, 129; against, 160. The offerer of the motion was a Liberal, Mr. MONK; its supporters were Conservatives, among them eighteen members of the government; the Liberals almost to a man recorded themselves in the negative.

One of the earliest of the spring Conventions will be the Southern Baptist, which meets at Atlanta, Georgia, May 8.

A telegram has been received in London from Rome stating that the Pope will make JOHN HENRY NEWMAN a cardinal on the 31st of March. Other reports say that LEO XIII. will create numerous cardinals in May or June. Several vacancies in the college have been made by death quite recently; among those who have passed away is MORICHINI.

A very important change in the by-laws of the American Bible Society will, it is thought, remove every obstacle to co-operation with it by Baptists. In 1836 many of them withdrew from its support in consequence of the adoption of a rule which declared that the "Board of Managers shall encourage only such versions as conform in the principles of their translation to the common English version, at least so far that all the religious denominations represented in this society can consistently use and circulate said versions in their several schools and communities."

This by-law, which would naturally be taken to have a polemic aspect, has been cancelled, and the following general rule takes its place: "The Committee on Versions shall have charge of all translations of the Bible published or distributed by the Society; they shall recommend measures for securing new versions, or revisions of old versions, in foreign languages; shall examine new versions presented for the consideration and adoption of the Society, especially in regard to their catholicity and the fidelity of their translation, and shall recommend such as they approve for the use of the Society." At a conference of leading Baptists held in this city recently, after a full discussion of the subject, the unanimous conviction was expressed "that there is now no obstacle in the way of the co-operation of Baptists with the American Bible Society in its work at home and abroad." Among the signers of this statement are Drs. ANDERSON, BRIGHT, HOVEY, LATHROP, MURDOCK, and CURRY.

A CABINET MEETING.

THE President's mansion at Washington, commonly known as the "White House," occupies a reservation of about twenty acres of ground on Pennsylvania Avenue, midway between the Treasury Building and the departments of State, War, and Navy. Fountains, flowers, and shrubbery adorn the inclosure, which forms a pleasant little park. The house itself is a rather plain, substantial building, 170 feet in length and 86 feet wide. It is constructed of freestone, painted white. The interior is far more elegant and attractive than the outside. The largest apartment, known as the East Room, measures 80 feet by 40, and is 22 feet in height. The adjoining Blue Room, tastefully decorated in blue and gold, is devoted to social and diplomatic receptions. The Green Room and the Red Room, so designated from their furnishings, are each 30 by 20 feet in dimensions. The second floor contains the apartments for the President's family and the Executive offices.

The first President's House, occupied by President ADAMS in 1800, was burned by the British in 1814. Four years later the erection of the present house was begun, and it was finished in 1829. Nearly two millions of dollars have been expended in its construction and decoration.

Our double-page illustration, from a photograph by Mr. PACH, affords a glimpse of the room in which the cabinet meetings are held, and which the President occupies as an office. Here also he receives visitors who call on business, whether of a personal or public nature. The President and all the members of the cabinet were present on this occasion to consider an important question of policy; and after the business of the meeting was over, the President courteously accorded permission to have the picture taken. It is therefore interesting not only as the pictorial record of an actual scene around the Executive Council-Board, but as a group of historical portraits.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE Mexican government has resolved to enter upon a new industrial policy of activity and progress. With this end in view, the President has determined that an International Exhibition shall be held in the city of Mexico next year. He believes that this Exhibition will remove false impressions which exist abroad concerning that country, and will open new markets for agricultural and manufacturing products, thereby promoting immigration and the construction of railroads. The Exhibition will be opened on January 14, 1880. Preparations for erecting the building have already commenced. All nations, even those which have not diplomatic relations with the republic, are to be invited to exhibit their goods, and to send Commissioners. This Exhibition will no doubt tend to develop the resources of Mexico, and to encourage foreign trade.

The accomplice of Casey, the burglar recently killed in a private parlor in this city, has been sentenced to the State-prison for eighteen years—a fate which should be a warning to kindred evil-doers.

In the last quarterly report of the Commissioner of Public Works, statements are made showing that there are now about 9000 lineal feet of the Croton Aqueduct in such a condition as to need "immediate attention," and 19,000 feet which require strengthening. "Perhaps no breach may occur," it is said. But should the safety of New York city rest upon a *perhaps?*

The excitement attending "the great walking match" at Gilmore's Garden was not by any means lessened when suddenly one evening a portion of the gallery, densely packed with spectators, fell with a great crash upon the crowd beneath. There were at the time not far from 10,000 people in the Garden, and a disorderly throng, noisy and unmanageable, surged around the entrance. The excitement that followed the accident was intense, and it seemed at first as if a deadly panic was inevitable. It was little short of miraculous that only about fifteen persons were injured by the wreck of the gallery. As soon as the excitement had been somewhat quelled, the wounded removed, and the débris cleared away, the pedestrians resumed their walk as if nothing had happened; and the result of the noted "six days' walking match" has since been discussed all over the country by those who favor as well as by those who disapprove such contests. Whatever possible benefit to individuals, or to mankind in general, may result from walking matches, it seems manifest that entertainments which attract rough and disorderly crowds—whether inside or outside of the show-room—and which cultivate in the spectators a fondness for mere physical endurance, regardless of injurious results, can not have a wholesome influence. The necessity of physical culture, the advantages of abundant exercise, and the importance of American men and women increasing their bodily strength and vigor, are indisputable; but do walking matches, as now conducted, accomplish or even tend toward these results?

It is related of the late Elihu Burritt that some years ago a will was sent to this country from the West Indies written in Danish. The manuscript was very difficult to decipher, and after having been sent to several colleges, was finally referred to Mr. Burritt for interpretation. He was then working at the forge, but resolved that he would master it. He was acquainted with the Danish tongue, but that was only half the task. The badly written manuscript must be deciphered. He worked at it two weeks in his spare time, and succeeded. When he sent the will back, translated with absolute correctness, he said he would only charge what he would have earned at the forge.

Evidently the cattle plague does exist in many sections of the United States, although its presence in England is not entirely due to importation from this country. It is believed that the "swill stables" directly produce the cattle disease, and that the only security against its continuance and spread is the most searching investigation by public authorities.

A company of gentlemen in Philadelphia have instituted a worthy charity, which might well be followed elsewhere. Coal purchased at wholesale has been sold to the poor in small quantities but at wholesale prices, thus giving real assistance without causing the recipients to feel themselves prominent objects of charity. So long as it is possible, every poor person should be aided to retain self-respect and a feeling of independence in the matter of self-support.

A few days ago a police officer found a little boy eleven years old sleeping in the Pennsylvania Railroad yard, Jersey City. He was taken to the station-house, gave his name, and said his father lived in Philadelphia. A telegram was sent to the police of that city, but no such person as the boy mentioned as his father could be found. The lad was questioned, and if his story was true he had been "on the tramp," as he expressed it, for a year. He had run away from home because he wanted "to see something of the world," and had roamed through various parts of Massachusetts and Connecticut. He liked his "tramp life," he said. This child was discharged, and his ferriage paid to this great city, where doubtless he is roaming in streets and alleys, without home and without friends. What a pity that some kind hand did not rescue the boy from such a life!

The number of men actually engaged in fishing in the four provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec, and Ontario is 42,000. It is estimated that about 200,000 persons are supported by the various branches of this industry on the shores of those provinces. One thousand decked vessels are employed in this British North American fishery, and 17,000 open boats.

It has been a hard winter for birds in Ohio, and they are to be allowed a chance to recuperate, for the cold has killed thousands. A law has passed both Houses of the Ohio Legislature prohibiting the killing of quail, partridge, or prairie-chickens in that State until November 15, 1880.

There is in Boston a Chinese Sunday-school, under the supervision of two missionaries, who are assisted by volunteer teachers. A few of the Chinese speak English very well, some not at all, and others only sufficiently to make known their ordinary wants. But most of them can read their own language, so that by the means of a proper text-book (*English and Chinese Lessons* is used) English is taught to them. It is the intention of the teachers to help the Chinese to improve socially, morally, and religiously. It is stated that the Chinese of Boston are clean and orderly in their habits, use wholesome food, and work for ordinary wages—not for less prices than others. Moreover, there are no idlers among them, and therefore no paupers.

It is said that the relations of Madame Grévy, wife of the French President, once thought she might have done better than to marry the man who is now the ruler of a great country.

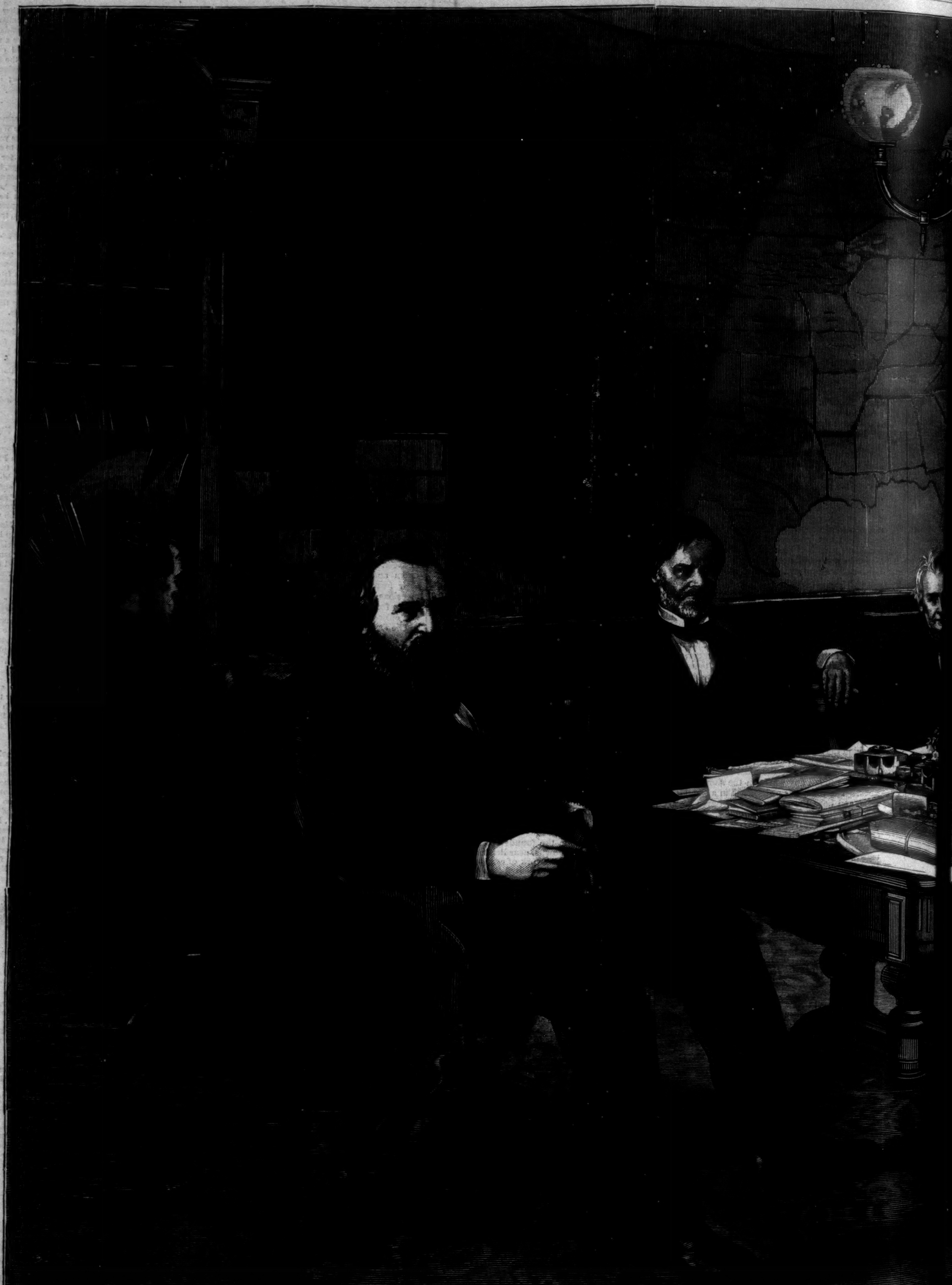
Connecticut proposes to deal severely with the tramp. All transient persons who move about from place to place begging, and all vagrants who stroll over the country without lawful occasion, living without labor or visible means of support, will be regarded as "tramps," and be imprisoned in the State-prison not more than one year. Officers are authorized and required to arrest tramps. Naturally, if this law is properly enforced in Connecticut, and adjacent States do not pass similar laws, Connecticut tramps will step over the border lines.

The picturesque drive in the old stage-coach from Bethlehem, New Hampshire, to the Profile House, is to be supplanted by the new narrow-gauge railroad, which will be nine and a half miles long. The difference of elevation between Bethlehem and the Profile House is about 1000 feet.

A gentleman living in Wichita, Kansas, recently married a lady in Xenia, Ohio, the ceremony being performed by telegraph. The bride went to her husband a few days after the marriage.

In 1859 the cattle plague in the vast herds of Australia was effectually checked by a simple method of inoculation, which was extensively practiced.

The Belgians—so says an exchange—have "formed a society for the mental and moral improvement of cats." The general idea seems to be that cats are mentally fitted to do the work of carrier-pigeons, provided they can be trained to be faithful and trusty, and also that proper education will develop whatever abilities they possess. It is well known that a cat may be tied up in a bag and carried scores of miles from her home, and yet, on being released, she will find her way back to the familiar locality. Various experiments are being tried with cats in the city of Liege, and it is proposed soon to establish a regular system of cat communication between Liege and the neighboring villages. Carrier-pigeons will have to look out for their laurels.



President Hayes. John Sherman, Secretary of the Treasury. R. W. Thompson, S

A CABINET MEETING AT THE WHITE

...MPSON, S... of the Navy. CHARLES DEVENS, Attorney-General. WILLIAM M. EVARTS, Secretary of State. CARL SCHURZ, Secretary of the Interior. GEORGE W. M'CRARY, Secretary of War. DAVID M. KEY, Postmaster-General.

...WHITE ...USE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY PACH.—[SEE PAGE 267.]

THE LAST LAP.

I'm on my last lap, boys,
And have not won the race;
I've done my level best, boys,
And kept a steady face;
But now I leave the track, boys,
I can not stand the pace.

Cheers, rousing cheers, for those who win,
Renown and wreaths and gold,
Whilst friends crowd round with open hands,
And I'm out in the cold.
I'm left out in the cold, boys,
With aching feet and sore;
And, oh! the aching of my heart—
But that will ache no more.
I'm on my last lap, boys,
But have not won the race;
And those had better leave the track
Who can not stand the pace.

I felt so strong at starting,
My sinews seemed of steel;
My nerves, my bones, my muscles, all
Were sound from head to heel.
My shoes they sorely chafed my feet,
And— Well, I hardly know—
The track was soft, the air was foul,
I scarcely had a show.
I'm on my last lap, boys,
But have not won the race;
And those had better leave the track
Who can not stand the pace.

At times I'd forge a bit ahead,
And then I'd fall behind;
Some jeered me as I toiled around,
A few good souls were kind.
I've tramped this track for weary years;
I've done my level best
For half a century of laps,
And now I go to rest.
I'm on my last lap, boys,
But have not won the race;
And those had better leave the track
Who can not stand the pace.

I have no pile to leave behind,
No trophies, and no fame;
No prizes for my little brood,
Save, perhaps, an honest name.
It's been a woful strain, boys,
But now I'll have some ease;
One lap to all eternity,
And go it as you please.
I'm on my last lap, boys,
But have not won the race;
And those had better leave the track
Who can not stand the pace.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1137.]

VIXEN.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Dead Men's Shoes," "Hostages to Fortune," "An Open Verdict," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—(*Continued.*)

GOING INTO EXILE.

Two hours later the carriage was at the door, and Violet Tempest was ready to start. Her trunks were on the roof of the brougham, her dressing-bag and travelling-desk and wraps were stowed away inside; Argus was by her side, his collar provided with a leather strap, by which she could hold him when necessary. Captain Carmichael was smoking a cigar in the porch.

Mrs. Carmichael came weeping out of the drawing-room, and hugged her daughter silently. Violet returned the embrace, but said not a word till just at the last.

"Dear mother," she whispered, earnestly, "never be unhappy about me. Let me bear the blame of all that has gone amiss between us."

"You had better be quick, Miss Tempest, if you want to be in time for the boat," said the captain from the porch.

"I am quite ready," answered Vixen, calmly.

Phœbe was at the carriage door, tearful, and in every body's way, but pretending to help. Argus was sent up to the box, where he sat beside the coachman with much gravity of demeanor, having first assured himself that his mistress was inside the carriage. Mrs. Carmichael stood in the porch kissing her hand; and so the strong big horses bore the carriage away through the dark shrubberies, between banks of shadowy foliage, out into the forest road, which was full of ghosts at this late hour, and would have struck terror to the hearts of any horses unaccustomed to its sylvan mysteries.

They drove through Lyndhurst, where the twinkling little lights in the shop windows were being extinguished by envious shutters, and where the shop-keepers paused in their work of extinction to stare amazedly at the passing carriage; not that a carriage was a strange apparition in Lyndhurst, but because the inhabitants had so little to do except stare.

Anon they came to Bolton's Bench, beneath a cluster of pine-trees on a hilly bit of common, and then the long straight road to Southampton lay before them in the faint moonshine, with boggy levels, black furze bushes, and a background of wood on either side. Violet sat looking steadily out of the window, watching every bit of the road. How could she tell when she would see it again—or if ever, save in sad, regretful dreams?

They mounted the hill, from whose crest Vixen took one last backward look at the wide wild land that lay behind them—a look of ineffable love and longing. And then she threw herself back in the carriage, and gave herself up to gloomy thought. There was nothing more that she cared to see. They had entered the tame dull world of civilization. They drove through the village of Eling, where lights burned dimly here and there in upper windows; they crossed the slow meandering river at Redbridge. Already the low line of lights in Southampton city began to shine faintly in the distance. Violet shut her eyes and let the landscape go by. Suburban villas, suburban gardens on a straight road beside a broad river with very little water in it. There was nothing here to regret.

It was past eleven when they drove under the old bar, and through the high street of Southampton. The town seemed strange to Vixen at this unusual hour. The church clocks were striking the quarter. Down by the docks every thing had a gray and misty look, sky and water indistinguishable. There lay the Jersey boat, snorting and puffing, amidst the dim grayness. Captain Carmichael conducted his charge to the ladies' cabin, with no more words than were positively necessary. They had not spoken once during the drive from the Abbey House to Southampton.

"I think you had better stay down here till the vessel has started, at any rate," said the captain, "there will be so much bustle and confusion on deck. I'll take care of your dog."

"Thanks," answered Vixen, meekly. "Yes, I'll stay here—you need not trouble yourself about me."

"Shall I send you something? A cup of tea, the wing of a chicken, a little wine and water?"

"No, thanks, I don't care about any thing."

The captain withdrew after this to look after the luggage, and to secure his own berth. The stewardess received Violet as if she had known her all her life, showed her the couch allotted to her, and to secure which the captain had telegraphed that morning from Lyndhurst.

"It was lucky your good gentleman took the precaution to telegraph, mum," said the cordial stewardess: "the boats are always crowded at this time of the year, and the *Fanny* is such a favorite."

The cabin was wide and lofty and airy, quite an exceptional thing in ladies' cabins; but presently there came a troop of stout matrons with their olive-branches, all cross and sleepy, and dazed at finding themselves in a strange place at an unearthly hour. There was the usual sprinkling of babies, and most of the babies cried. One baby was afflicted with unmistakable whooping-cough, and was a source of terror to the mothers of all the other babies. There was a general opening of hand-bags and distribution of buns, biscuits, and sweeties for the comfort and solace of this small fry. Milk was imbibed noisily out of mysterious bottles, some of them provided with gutta-percha tubes, which made the process of refreshment look like laying on gas. Vixen turned her back upon the turmoil, and listened to the sad sea waves plashing lazily against the side of the boat.

She wondered what Rorie was doing at this midnight hour. Did he know yet that she was gone—vanished out of his life forever? No; he could hardly have heard of her departure yet awhile, swiftly as all tidings travelled in that rustic world of the Forest. Had he made up his mind to keep faith with Lady Mabel? Had he forgiven Vixen for refusing to abet him in treachery against his affianced?

"Poor Rorie!" sighed the girl; "I think we might have been happy together."

And then she remembered the days of old, when Mr. Vawdrey was free, and when it had never dawned upon his slow intelligence that his old playfellow, Violet Tempest, was the one woman in all this wide world who had the power to make his life happy.

"I think he thought lightly of me because of all our foolishness when he was a boy," mused Vixen. "I seemed to him less than other women—because of those old sweet memories—instead of more."

It was a dreary voyage for Violet Tempest—a kind of maritime purgatory: the monotonous thud of the engine, the tramping of feet overhead, the creaking and groaning of the vessel, the squalling babies, the fussy mothers, the dreadful people who could not travel from Southampton to Jersey on a calm summer night without exhibiting all the horrors of seasickness. Vixen thought of the sufferings of poor black human creatures in the middle passage; of the ghastly terrors of a mutiny; of a ship on fire; of the Ancient Mariner on his slimy sea, when

"The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea!"

She wondered in her weary soul whether these horrors, which literature had made familiar to her, were much worse than the smart white and gold cabin of the good ship *Fanny*, filled to overflowing with the contents of half a dozen nurseries.

Toward daybreak there came a lull. The crossest of the babies had exhausted its capacity for making its fellow-creatures miserable. The seasick mothers and nurses had left off groaning, and starting convulsively from their pillows with wild shrieks for the stewardess, and had sunk into troubled slumbers. Vixen turned her back upon the dreadful scene—dimly lighted by flickering oil lamps, like those that burn before saintly shrines in an old French cathedral—and shut her eyes and tried to lose herself in the tangled wilderness of sleep. But to-night that blessed refuge of the unhappy was closed against her. The calm angel of sleep would have nothing to do with a soul so troubled. She could only lie staring at the port-hole, which stared back at her like a giant's dark, angry eye, and waiting for morning.

Morning came at last, with the skirmishing toilets of the children, fearful struggles for brushes and combs, towel fights, perpetual clamor for missing pieces of soap, a great deal of talk about strings and buttons, and a chorus of crying babies. Then stole through the stuffy atmosphere savory odors of breakfast, the fumes of coffee, fried bacon, grilled fish. Sloppy-looking cups of tea were administered to the sufferers of last night. The yellow sunshine filled the cabin. Vixen made a hasty toilet, and hurried up to the deck. Here all was glorious. A vast world of sun-lit water. No sign yet of rock-bound island above the white-crested waves. The steamer might have been in the midst of the Atlantic. Captain Carmichael was on the bridge smoking his morning cigar. He gave Violet a cool nod, which she returned as coolly. She found a quiet corner where she could sit and watch the waves slowly rising and falling, the white foam crests slowly gathering, the light spray dashing against the side of the boat, the cataract of white roaring water leaping from the swift paddle-wheel and melting into a long track of foam. By-and-by they came to Guernsey, which looked grim and military, and not particularly inviting even in the morning sunlight. That picturesque island hides her beauties from those who only behold her from the sea. Here there was an exodus of passengers and of luggage, and an invasion of natives with baskets of fruit. Vixen bought some grapes and peaches of a female native in a cap, whose patois was the funniest perversion of French and English imaginable. And then a bell rang clamorously, and there was a general stampede, and the gangway was pulled up, and the vessel was steaming gayly toward Jersey, while Vixen sat eating grapes and looking dreamily skyward, and wondering whether her mother was sleeping peacefully under the dear old Abbey House roof, undisturbed by any pang of remorse for having parted with an only child so lightly.

An hour or so and Jersey was in sight, all rocky peaks and promontories. Anon the steamer swept round a sudden curve, and lo! Vixen beheld a bristling range of fortifications, a rather untidy harbor, and the usual accompaniments of a landing-place, the midsummer sun shining vividly upon the all-pervading whiteness.

"Is this the bay that some people have compared to Naples?" Violet asked her conductor, with a contemptuous curl of her mobile lip, as she and Captain Carmichael took their seats in a roomy old fly, upon which the luggage was being piled in the usual mountainous and insecure-looking style.

"You have not seen it yet from the Neapolitan point of view," said the captain. "This quay is not the prettiest bit of Jersey."

"I am glad of that—very glad," answered Vixen, acidly; "for if it were, the Jersey notion of the beautiful would be my idea of ugliness. Oh, what an utterly too horrid street!" she cried, as the fly drove through the squalid approach to the town, past dirty gutter-bred children, and women with babies, who looked to the last degree Irish, and the dead high wall of the fortifications. "Does your aunt live hereabouts, *par exemple*, Captain Carmichael?"

"My aunt lives six good miles from here, Miss Tempest, in one of the loveliest spots in the island, amidst scenery that is almost as fine as the Pyrenees."

"I have heard people say that of any thing respectable in the shape of a hill," answered Vixen, with a dubious air.

She was in a humor to take objection to every thing, and had a flippant air curiously at variance with the dull aching of her heart. She was determined to take the situation lightly. Not for worlds would she have let Captain Carmichael see her wounds, or guess how deep they were. She set her face steadily toward the hills in which her place of exile was hidden, and bore herself bravely. Conrad Carmichael gave her many a furtive glance as he sat opposite her in the fly, while they drove slowly up the steep green country lanes, leaving the white town in the valley below them.

"The place is not so bad, after all," said Vixen, looking back at the conglomeration of white walls and slate roofs, of docks and shipping and barracks, on the edge of a world of blue water, "not nearly so odious as it looked when we landed. But it is a little disappointing at best, like all places that people praise ridiculously. I had pictured Jersey as a tropical island, with cactuses and Cape jasmine growing in the hedges, orchards of peaches and apricots, and melons running wild."

"To my mind the island is a pocket edition of Devonshire, with a dash of Brittany," answered the captain. "There's a fig-tree for you!" he cried, pointing to a great spreading mass of five-fingered leaves lolloping over a pink plastered garden wall—an old untidy tree that had swallowed up the whole extent of a cottager's garden. "You don't see any thing like that in the Forest?"

"No," answered Vixen, tightening her lips; "we have only oaks and beeches that have been growing since the Heptarchy."

And now they entered a long lane, where the interlaced tree-tops made an arcade of foliage—a lane whose beauty even Vixen could not gainsay. Ah, there were the Hampshire ferns on the steep green banks! She gave a little choking sob at sight of them, as if they had been living things. Hart's-tongue, and lady-fern, and the whole family of osmundas. Yes; they were all there. It was like home—with a difference.

Here and there they passed a modern villa, in its park-like grounds, and the captain, who evidently wished to be pleasant, tried to expound to Violet the conditions of Jersey leases, and the difficulties which attend the purchase of land or tenements in that feudal settlement. But Vixen did not even endeavor to understand him. She listened with an air of polite vacancy which was not encouraging.

They passed various humbler homesteads, painted a lively pink or a refreshing lavender, with gardens where the fuchsias were trees covered with crimson bloom, and where gigantic hydrangeas blossomed in palest pink and brightest azure in wildest abundance. Here Vixen beheld for the first time those preposterous cabbages from whose hypernatural growth the islanders seem to derive a loftier pride than from any other productions of the island, not excepting its grapes and its lobsters.

"I don't suppose you ever saw cabbages growing six feet high before," said the captain.

"No," answered Vixen; "they are too preposterous to be met with in a civilized country. Poor Charles the Second! I don't wonder that he was wild and riotous when he came to be king."

"Why not?"

"Because he had spent several months of exile among his loyal subjects in Jersey. A man who had been buried alive in such a fragmentary bit of the world must have required some compensation in after-life."

They had mounted a long hill which seemed the pinnacle of the island, and from whose fertile summit the view was full of beauty—a green undulating garden-world, ringed with yellow sands and bright blue sea; and now they began to descend gently by a winding lane where again the topmost elm branches were interwoven, and where the glowing June day was softened to a tender twilight. A curve in the lane brought them suddenly to an old gateway, with a crumbling stone bench in a nook beside it—a bench where the wayfarer used to sit and wait for alms, when the site of Les Tourelles was occupied by a monastery.

The old manor-house rose up behind the dilapidated wall—a goodly old house as to size and form—overlooking a noble sweep of hill-side and valley; a house with a gallery on the roof for purposes of observation, but with as dreary and abandoned a look about its blank curtainless windows as if mansion and estate had been in Chancery for the last half century.

"A fine old place, is it not?" asked the captain, while a cracked bell was jingling in remote distance amidst the drowsy summer stillness, without eliciting so much as the bark of a house-dog.

"It looks very big," Violet answered, dubiously, "and very empty."

"My aunt has no relatives residing with her."

"If she had started in life with a large family of brothers and sisters, I should think they would all be dead by this time," said the girl, with a stifled yawn that was half a sigh.

"How do you mean?"

"They would have died of the stillness and solitude and all-pervading desolation of Les Tourelles."

"Strange houses are apt to look desolate."

"Yes. Particularly when the windows have neither blinds nor curtains, and the walls have not been painted for a century."

After this conversation flagged. The jingling bell was once more set going in the unknown distance; Vixen sat looking sleepily at the arched roof of foliage checkered with blue sky. Argus lolled against the carriage door with his tongue out.

They waited five minutes or so, languidly expectant. Vixen began to wonder whether the gates would ever open, whether there were really any living human creatures in that blank dead-looking house, whether they would not have to give up all idea of entering, and drive back to the harbor, and return to Hampshire by the way they had come.

While she sat idly wondering thus, with the sleepy buzz of summer insects and melodious twittering of birds soothing her senses like a lullaby, the old gate groaned upon its rusty hinges, and a middle-aged woman in a black gown and a white cap appeared—a female who recognized Captain Carmichael with a courtesy, and came out to receive the smaller packages from the flyman.

"Antony will take the portmanteaus," she said. "The boat must have come in earlier than usual; we did not expect you so soon."

"This is one of Miss Skipwith's servants," thought Vixen; "rather a vinegary personage. I hope the other maids are nicer."

The person spoken of as Antony now appeared, and began to hale about Violet's portmanteaus. He was a middle-aged man, with a bald head and a melancholy aspect. His raiment was shabby; his costume something between that of a lawyer's clerk and an agricultural laborer. Argus saluted this individual with a suppressed growl.

"Sh!" cried the female, vindictively, flapping her apron at the dog; "whose dog is this, Sir? He doesn't belong to you, surely?"

"He belongs to Miss Tempest. You must find a corner for him somewhere in the out-buildings, Hannah," said the captain. "The dog is harmless enough and friendly enough when he is used to people."

"That won't be much good if he bites us before he gets used to us, and we die of hydrophobia in the mean time," retorted Hannah; "I believe he has taken a dislike to Antony already."

"Argus won't bite any one," said Vixen, laying her hand upon the dog's collar; "I'll answer for his good conduct. Please try and find him a nice snug nest somewhere—if I mustn't have him in the house."

"In the house!" cried Hannah. "Miss Skipwith would faint at the mention of such a thing. I don't know how she'll ever put up with a huge beast like that any where about the place. He must be kept as much out of her sight as possible."

"I'm sorry Argus isn't welcome," said Vixen, proudly.

She was thinking that her own welcome at Les Tourelles could hardly be more cordial than that accorded to Argus. She had left home because nobody wanted her there. How could she expect that any one wanted her here, where she was a stranger, preceded, perhaps, by the reputation of her vices? The woman in the rusty mourning gown, the man in the shabby raiment and clod-hopper boots, gave her no smile of greet-

ing. Over this new home of hers there hung an unspeakable melancholy. Her heart sank as she crossed the threshold.

Oh, what a neglected, poverty-stricken air the garden had, after the gardens Violet Tempest had been accustomed to look upon! Ragged trees, rank grass, empty flower beds, weeds in abundance. A narrow paved colonnade ran along one side of the house. They went by this paved way to a dingy little door—not the hall door; that was never opened—and entered the house by a lobby, which opened into a small parlor, dark and shabby, with one window looking into a court-yard. There were a good many books upon the green baize table-cover; pious books mostly, Vixen saw, with a strange revulsion of feeling, as if that were the culmination of her misery. There was an old-fashioned work-table, with a faded red silk well, beside the open window. A spectacle case on the work-table and an arm-chair before it indicated that the room had been lately occupied. It was altogether one of the shabbiest rooms Vixen had ever seen, the furniture belonging to the most odious period of cabinet-making, the carpet unutterably dingy, the walls mildewed and mouldy, the sole decorations some pale engravings of naval battles, which might be the victories or defeats of any maritime hero from Drake to Nelson.

"Come and see the house," said the captain, reading the disgust in his step-daughter's pale face.

He opened a door leading into the hall—a large and lofty apartment, with a fine old staircase ascending to a square gallery. The heavy oak balusters had been painted white; so had the panelling in the hall. Time had converted both to a dusky gray. Some rusty odds and ends of armor and a few dingy family portraits decorated the walls, but of furniture there was not a vestige.

Opening out of the hall there was a large long room, with four windows looking into a small wilderness that had once been garden, and commanding a fine view of land and sea. This the captain called the drawing-room. It was sparsely furnished with a spindle-legged table, half a dozen arm-chairs covered with faded tapestry, an antique walnut-wood cabinet, another of ebony, a small oasis of carpet in the middle of the bare oak floor.

"This and the parlor you have seen are all the sitting-rooms my aunt occupies," said Captain Carmichael; "the rest of the rooms on this floor are empty, or only used for store-houses. It is a fine old house. I believe the finest in the island."

"Is there a history hanging to it?" asked Vixen, looking drearily round the spacious desolate chamber. "Has it been used as a prison, or a mad-house, or what? I never saw a house that filled me with such nameless horrors."

"You are fanciful," said the captain. "The house has no story except the common history of fallen fortunes. It has been in the Skipwith family ever since it was built. They were Leicestershire people, and came to Jersey after the civil war—came here to be near their prince in his exile—settled here and built Les Tourelles. I believe they expected Charles would do something handsome for them when he came into his own; but he didn't do any thing. Sir John Skipwith staid in the island and became a large land-owner, and died at an advanced age—there is nothing to kill people here, you see—and the Skipwiths have been Jersey people ever since. They were once the richest family in the island. They are now one of the poorest. When I say they, I mean my aunt. She is the last of her race. The Skipwiths have crystallized into one maiden lady, my mother's only sister."

"Then your mother was a Skipwith?" asked Violet.

"Yes."

"And was she born and brought up here?"

"Yes. She never left Jersey till my father married her. He was here with his regiment when they met at the governor's ball. Oh, here is my aunt," said the captain, as a rustling of silk sounded in the empty hall.

Vixen drew herself up stiffly, as if preparing to meet a foe. She had made up her mind to detest Miss Skipwith.

The lady of the manor entered. She shook hands with her nephew, and presented him with a pale and shrivelled cheek, which he respectfully saluted.

She was an elderly and faded person, very tall and painfully thin, but aristocratic to the highest degree. There was the indication of race in her aquiline nose, high narrow brow and neatly cut chin, her tapering hand and small slender foot. She was dressed in black silk, rustier and older than any silk Vixen had ever seen before, not even excepting Mrs. Scobel's black silk dresses, when they had been degraded from their original rank to the scrubbery of early services and daily wear. Her thin gray hair was shaded by a black lace cap, decorated with bugles and black weedy grasses. She wore black mittens and jet jewelry, and was altogether as deeply sable as if she had been in mourning for the whole of the Skipwith race.

She received Miss Tempest with a formal politeness which was not encouraging.

"I hope you will be able to make yourself happy here," she said, "and that you have resources within yourself that will suffice for the employment of your time and thoughts. I receive no company, and I never go out. The class of people who now occupy the island are a class with which I should not care to associate, and which, I dare say, would not appreciate me. I have my own resources, and my life is fully employed. My only complaint is that the days are not long enough. A quiet existence like mine offers vast opportunities for culture and self-improvement. I hope you will take advantage of them, Miss Tempest."

Poor Violet faltered something vaguely civil, looking sorely bewildered all the time. Miss Skipwith's speech sounded so like the address of a school-mistress that Vixen began to think she had been trapped unawares into a school, as people are sometimes trapped into a mad-house.

"I don't think Miss Tempest is much given to study," said the captain, graciously, as if he and Violet were on the friendliest terms; "but she is very fond of the country, and I am sure the scenery of Jersey will delight her. By-the-way, we ventured to bring her big dog. He will be a companion and protector for her in her walks. I have asked Doddery to find him a kennel somewhere among your capacious out-buildings."

"He must not come into the house," said Miss Skipwith, grimly; "I couldn't have a dog inside my doors. I have a Persian that has been my attached companion for the last ten years. What would that dear creature's feelings be if he saw himself exposed to the attacks of a savage dog?"

"My dog is not savage to Persians or any one else," cried Vixen, wondering what inauspicious star had led the footsteps of an Oriental wanderer to so dreary a refuge as Les Tourelles.

"You would like to see your bedroom, perhaps?" suggested Miss Skipwith; and on Violet's assenting, she was handed over to Hannah Doddery, the woman who had opened the gate.

Hannah led the way up the broad old staircase, all bare and carpetless, and opened one of the doors in the gallery. The room into which she ushered Violet was large and airy, with windows commanding the fair garden-like island and the wide blue sea. But there was the same bare, poverty-stricken look in this room as in every other part of the manor-house. The bed was a tall, melancholy four-poster, with scantiest draperies of faded drab damask. Save for one little islet of threadbare Brussels beside the bed, the room was carpetless. There was an ancient wainscot wardrobe with brass handles. There was a modern deal dressing-table skimpily draped with muslin, and surmounted by the smallest of looking-glasses. There were a couple of chairs and a three-cornered wash-hand stand. There was neither sofa nor writing-table. There was not an ornament on the high wooden mantel-shelf, or a picture on the panelled walls. Vixen shivered as she surveyed the big barren room.

"I think you will find every thing comfortable," said Mrs. Doddery, with a formal air which seemed to say, "And whether you do or do not matters nothing to me."

"Thank you, yes, I dare say it is all right," Vixen answered, absently, standing at one of the windows, gazing out over the green hills and valleys to the fair summer sea, and wondering whether she would be able to take comfort from the fertile beauty of the island.

"The bed has been well aired," continued Mrs. Doddery, "and I can answer for the cleanliness of every thing."

"Thanks. Will you kindly send one of the maids to help me unpack my portmanteau?"

"I can assist you," Mrs. Doddery answered. "We have no maid-servant. My husband and I are able to do all that Miss Skipwith requires. She is a lady who gives so little trouble."

"Do you mean to say there are no other servants in this great house—no house-maids, no cook?"

"I have cooked for Miss Skipwith for the last thirty years. The house is large, but there are very few rooms in occupation."

"I ought to have brought my maid," cried Vixen. "It will be quite dreadful. I don't want much waiting upon; but still I'm afraid I shall give some trouble until I learn to do every thing for myself. Just as if I were cast on a desert island," she said to herself in conclusion; and then she thought of Helen Rolleston, the petted beauty in Charles Reade's *Foul Play*, cast with her faithful lover on an unknown island of the fair southern sea. But in this island of Jersey there was no faithful lover to give romance and interest to the situation. There was nothing but dull, dreary reality.

"I dare say I shall be able to do all you require without feeling it any extra trouble—unless you are very helpless," said Mrs. Doddery, who was on her knees unstrapping one of the portmanteaus.

"I am not helpless," replied Vixen, "though I dare say I have been waited on much more than was good for me."

And then she knelt down before the other portmanteau, and undid the buckles of the thick leather straps, in which operation she broke more than one of her nails, and wounded her rosy finger-tips.

"Oh dear, what a useless creature I am!" she thought; "and why do people strap portmanteaus so tightly? Never mind; after a month's residence at The Tourelles I shall be a Spartan."

"Would you like me to unpack your trunks for you?" inquired Mrs. Doddery, with an accent which sounded slightly ironical.

"Oh no, thanks; I can get on very well now," answered Vixen, quickly; whereupon the house-keeper opened the drawers and cupboards in the big wainscot wardrobe, and left Miss Tempest to her own devices.

The shelves and drawers were neatly lined with white paper, and strewed with dried lavender. This was luxury which Vixen had not expected. She laid her pretty dresses on the shelves, smiling scornfully as she looked at them. Of what use could pretty dresses be in a desert island? And here were her riding-habit and her collection of whips—useless lumber where there was no hope of a horse. She was obliged to put her books in the wardrobe, as there was no other place for them. Her desk and work-box she was fain to place on the floor, for the small dressing-table would accommodate no more than her dressing-case, devotional books, brushes and combs, pomatum pots, and pin boxes.

"Oh dear!" she sighed. "I have a great deal too much property for a desert island. I wonder whether in some odd corner of Les Tourelles I could find such a thing as a spare table?"

When she had finished her unpacking she went down to the hall. Not seeing any one about, and desiring rather to avoid Captain Carmichael and his aunt than to rejoin them, she wandered out of the hall into one of the many passages of the old manor-house, and began a voyage of discovery on her own account.

"If they ask me what I have been doing, I can say I lost myself," she thought.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The cause of the green color in the oyster, so much prized by European epicures, has received an important elucidation by Gaillard. This color is assumed by oysters which are kept in pits for the purpose of being fattened, and at the same time receiving this tint. The fattening of the oyster is due in large part to a growth of the liver, something like the affection of geese which furnish the livers for patties. As these pits usually contain quantities of a minute green diatom, the gills are strongly tinged with this color. In these specimens, however, the body or main portion of the animal is still of its original whitish-gray.

Dr. Gaillard states that for the purpose of imparting this tint so dear to epicures, and which enhances the price of the oyster very greatly, certain unscrupulous persons are in the habit of immersing the oyster in a solution of sulphate of copper, which is, however, an injurious substance, and one that has in many cases produced serious symptoms of poisoning. Whenever this substance is used, however, the whole oyster is tinged; and furthermore, a polished needle immersed in the juice expressed from the oyster speedily shows a film of metallic copper. The attention of the police in Paris has been called to this obnoxious treatment of the oyster, and they will doubtless take the necessary measures to punish the offenders.

In the death of Professor Popoff, of Kasan, Russia has lost one of her most eminent mathematicians.

Professor Frémy has been placed in charge of the Jardin des Plantes, of Paris, succeeding M. Chevreul, who resigns the position in good health at the age of ninety.

The death of Professor Chuffod, Professor of Zoology in the Paris School of Medicine, is announced as having recently taken place.

It is announced that Captain Sengstake, who had arranged to prosecute the exploration of Polynesia in company with Dr. O. Finsch, has been detailed to accompany the vessel fitted out for the relief of Professor Nordenskjöld. But the idea of dispatching a vessel from Russia for this purpose has, it is understood, been given up in consequence of the intention of Captain De Long, of the Gordon Bennett steamer *Jeannette*, to proceed as soon as navigation opens through Behring Strait for the purpose of meeting Nordenskjöld and his party.

It is therefore uncertain whether Captain Sengstake will carry out the original plan of accompanying Dr. Finsch on the Polynesian expedition. Dr. Finsch is expected in New York very shortly, and will proceed, *viâ* San Francisco, to visit the Marshall and Kingsmill group, the Caroline and other islands, and return *viâ* Japan, China, and the Philippine Islands.

The subject of safe anæsthetics is one that naturally occupies the attention of physiologists in view of the dangers that attend the most careful use of chloroform and ether. As the result of a series of inquiries recently made by a committee of the British Association, it would appear that dichloride of ethidene has given the most satisfactory results, in producing no appreciable injury upon the respiratory mechanism, and no failure of the action of the heart, as shown by pallor of the countenance or blueness of the lips. From the experiments it would appear that the blood remains in a normal amount in the arterial and capillary systems, and does not tend to engorge the venous system and right side of the heart, as seems to be the case with chloroform.

The experiments were extended to the production of complete anæsthesia and muscular relaxation, and in one case the patient was under the influence for twenty-five minutes. It was shown that a dog will live for a considerable time in a state of complete anæsthesia under the influence of ethidene dichloride, though he would have died in a short time had chloroform been used.

The many friends made by him in this country will regret to hear of the death of Dr. C. E. Appleton, at Luxor, in Egypt, on the 1st of February, at the age of about forty.

Dr. Appleton was the founder and editor of *The Academy*, and although himself mainly a student of metaphysical science, fully appreciated the value of physical research, and was always ready to use his editorial position in furthering it. The interest which he had specially at heart was the securing of appropriations on the part of universities and of the state for the endowment of original research.

A Royal Commission has lately been established in England, of which Messrs. Warrington Smyth, F. A. Abel, and Professor Tyndall are the most prominent, to inquire and report upon the relations between fluctuations of atmospheric pressure and the issue of fire-damp from mines, and also generally to take cognizance of the subject of fire-damp and other practical questions.

A curious instance of the application of science to the art of war has recently been published by Professor Claude Bernard, an eminent French physiologist. The siege of Paris by the German troops during the recent war especially affected the food supply, and the proposition to drive in some cattle surreptitiously was opposed in consequence of the fear that the lowing of the animals would attract the attention of the besiegers. Professor Bernard then proposed to suppress their cries by cutting the nerve through which they were enabled to emit them. This was so simple as to be practicable by an ordinary butcher. The experiment was tried, and with success, so far as to prevent the animals from making any noise, but failed for other reasons.

Geographical science has to lament the death of Mr. Leicester Edwards, R.N., Assistant Colonial Secretary of Sierra Leone, from illness contracted during his recent geographical explorations in the interior of Western Africa. His latest work was conducted on the Upper Boom River, and extended to the Kittam and Upper Kittam rivers.

Mr. C. J. Maynard continues the publication of his illustrated quarto upon the birds of Florida and the game birds of Eastern North America. Part VIII., just published, contains figures of several rare species, among them the yellow-billed tropic bird of the Bermudas—a species very interesting from its abundance and its peculiar mode of nesting.

A new encyclopedia of the natural sciences has lately been proposed by Trewendt, of Breslau, to consist of mathematical treatises on the various departments of science, with an index, which will give it the advantage of an alphabetical re-arranged work. This is much on the plan of the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*. Several botanical monographs have already been published.

Recent investigations appear to prove that at one time the Sea of Azov was in direct communication with the Caspian. Some of the proofs of this are the occurrence of cockle and other marine shells in the sands intermediate between the two seas.

It is said that in a recent series of experiments in Paris by Professor Charcot, a patient was thrown into a state of catalepsy by looking steadily at the electric light. To produce a state of lethargy or somnambulism on one side at the same time, it is said to be sufficient to close the corresponding eye, or to cut off the light with a screen. The two states of catalepsy and lethargy are then co-existent on both sides of the body.

A very singular and unusual meteorological phenomenon has lately presented itself in Switzerland, which will interest such of our readers as are familiar with that country. While the cold has been severe in the lowlands and valleys to the extent of sealing up the waters and covering the ground with ice, the warm south wind prevailing in the upper strata of the atmosphere has melted and carried away the snow in the uplands. It is stated that an English tourist with four guides ascending the great Screckhorn about the end of January found the thermometer several degrees above the freezing-point on the summit of the mountain. As the result of this condition of things, Lake Geneva is higher than known for forty years.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Judge Lindley, of the St. Louis Circuit Court, like many another good judge, is fond of a quiet joke. A raw German who had been summoned for jury duty desired to be relieved, giving this reason: "Schudge, I can nich goot Inglish onderstan'." Looking over the crowded bar, his eye filled with humor, the judge replied: "Oh, you can serve. You won't have to understand *good* English; you won't hear any such here."

A facetious boy asked one of his playmates why a hardware dealer was like a boot-maker. The latter, somewhat puzzled, gave it up. "Why," said the former, "because the one sold the nails, and the other nailed the soles."

If ever a man feels like writing Sunday-school hymns, it is when on returning home late he finds the gas out and that the servant-maid with thoughtful carefulness has placed the ash-box on the hall stairs.

How good a fellow feels when, after rushing through a side street, upsetting a pea-nut stand, knocking down two small boys, stepping on a dog's tail, and splashing himself all over in a puddle, he finds that the street car he was heading off isn't the one he wants!

A real estate dealer who died recently said that he was afraid he had committed the unpardonable sin. If he could but recall the words, so many times repeated, "Within five minutes' walk of the dépôt," he might die happy.

It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than it is for a young woman in a fur-lined silk cloak to walk along without letting it flap open just a little, to show that the fur is more than mere border.

"Jane," said he, "I think if you lifted your feet away from the fire, we might have some heat in the room." And they hadn't been married two years either.

Before marriage a man is generally greeted by his sweetheart with, "My darling, is it you?" But after marriage she generally rushes to the door and shouts, "Hugh Henry, wipe your boots!"

The active manufacturer of dentists' tools is the only man who can do tooth things at once.

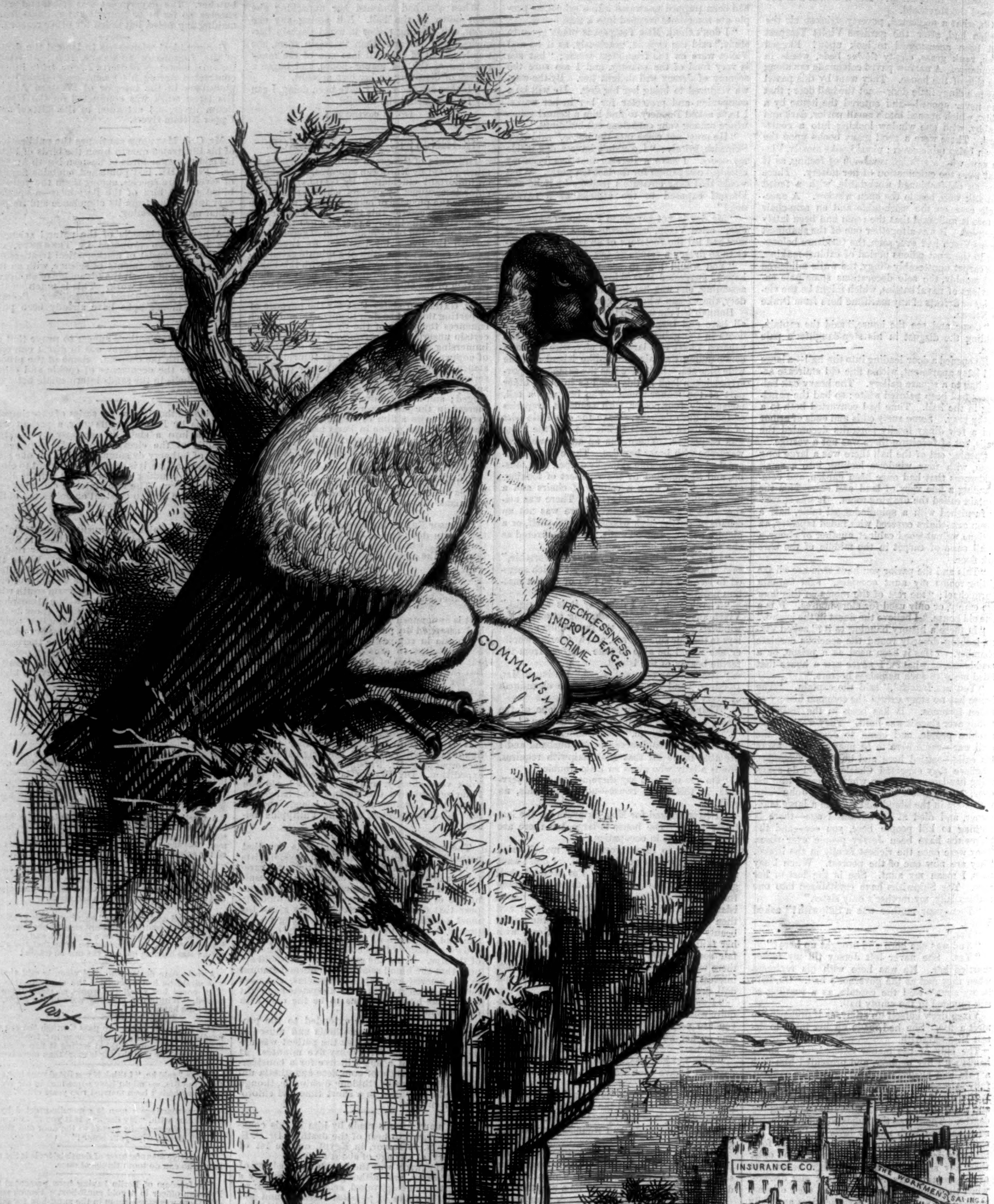
The freedom of Berlin having been presented to a Prussian officer in a gold snuff-box, a French writer said there was ample room in the snuff-box for all the freedom there was in Berlin.

"Is this Wednesday or not?" said the young clerk. "Wednesday, Sir," said his figurative companion; "there's no such day as 'not.'" Sensation. Young man wonderingly examining phrenological bumps of fellow-clerk.

A bashful young man could defer the momentous question no longer, so he stammered: "Martha, I—I—do you—you must have—are you aware that the Good Book says—er, says that it is not g-g-good that man should be alone?" "Then hadn't you better run home to your mother?" Martha coolly suggested.

President Lincoln once listened patiently while a friend read a long manuscript to him, and then asked: "What do you think of it? How will it take?" The President reflected a little while, and then answered: "Well, for people who like that kind of thing, I think that is just about the kind of thing they'd like."

The Horse led to Water.—The clergyman who thus described an every-day horse transaction was on his high horse of rhetorical sublimity: "You may kindly guide the prancing steed to the crystal brook which babbles down the hill-side in the summer sun, but you can not coerce him to stoop and slake his thirst in the silvery stream if he be not willing to accept your proffered kindness."



HATCHING.

How much longer will birds of prey be allowed to gorge themselves on the savings of the self-denying and industrious—and escape the consequences?

ISSUING RATIONS AT THE SISSETON INDIAN AGENCY, DAKOTA.—FROM SKETCHES BY W. P. HOOPER.—[SEE PAGE 274.]

SKETCHES AT AN INDIAN AGENCY.

On page 273 our readers will find an interesting series of sketches made at the Sisseton Agency, Dakota, representing the method of drawing rations. Each Indian at the agency receives a ticket signed by the agent, on which is marked the number of his family. Armed with this ticket, and provided with large sacks, he passes into the store-room, where he obtains the requisite amount of supplies—flour, sugar, tea, coffee, tobacco, salt, etc. A check from the store-keeper passes him into the cellar of the building, where he receives rations of pork. On the way home, after bagging their supplies, the noble Indian takes his ease on horseback, leaving his patient squaw to lug the provisions on her shoulders, or to share the burden with the much-abused dog.

At most Indian agencies rations are issued weekly, but at Sisseton, where many of the Indians are engaged in farming, they are given out once a month only. Several Indians have each raised over three hundred bushels of wheat without the aid of white labor, and one gathered in last year a harvest of over five hundred bushels. This shows what the Indians are capable of doing under favorable conditions. At the Sisseton Agency one-third only of the supplies necessary for their support comes from the government. They obtain the remainder from their farms and by hunting and fishing.

WHITEFIELD'S COURTSHIP.

The celebrated George Whitefield began his courtship in a singular fashion. His biographer pronounces him one of the oddest wooers that ever wooed. When Whitefield was in America, and had under his charge the Orphan House in Savannah, "it was much impressed on his heart that he ought to marry in order to have a helpmate in his arduous work." He had, also, fixed his mind on the young lady whom he intended to ask to become his wife. So he addressed a letter to her parents, and inclosed another to herself. In his letter to the parents he stated that he wanted a wife to help him in the management of his increasing family, and then said: "This letter comes like Abraham's servant to Rebekah's relations, to know whether your daughter, Miss E——, is a proper person to engage in such an undertaking, and if so, whether you will be pleased to give me leave to propose marriage to her. You need not be afraid of sending me a refusal; for I bless God, if I know any thing of my own heart, I am free from that foolish passion which the world calls love." He wrote in a similar strain to the young lady, asking her, among many other questions, if she could leave her home and trust in Him for support who feeds the young ravens, and bear the inclemencies of air both as to heat and cold in a foreign climate; whether, having a husband, she could be as though she had none. He also told her that he thought the passionate expressions which ordinary courtiers use ought to be avoided by those who would marry in the Lord; and that if she thought marriage would in any way be prejudicial to her better part, she was to be so kind as to send him a denial; that she need not be afraid to speak her mind, as he loved her only for God.

The letters were not so successful as Abraham's servant. The parents were not very anxious to send their daughter on such an adventure, and Whitefield continued for a longer space in his bachelor condition. Some time after, he essayed another courtship, with a widow in Wales, after the same style. The mode in which Rebekah was chosen for Isaac seems to have been Whitefield's ideal of obtaining a wife. The week after he was married he went on one of his evangelistic tours, and left his newly wedded wife to muse alone amid the Welsh hills in the second quarter of their honey-moon.

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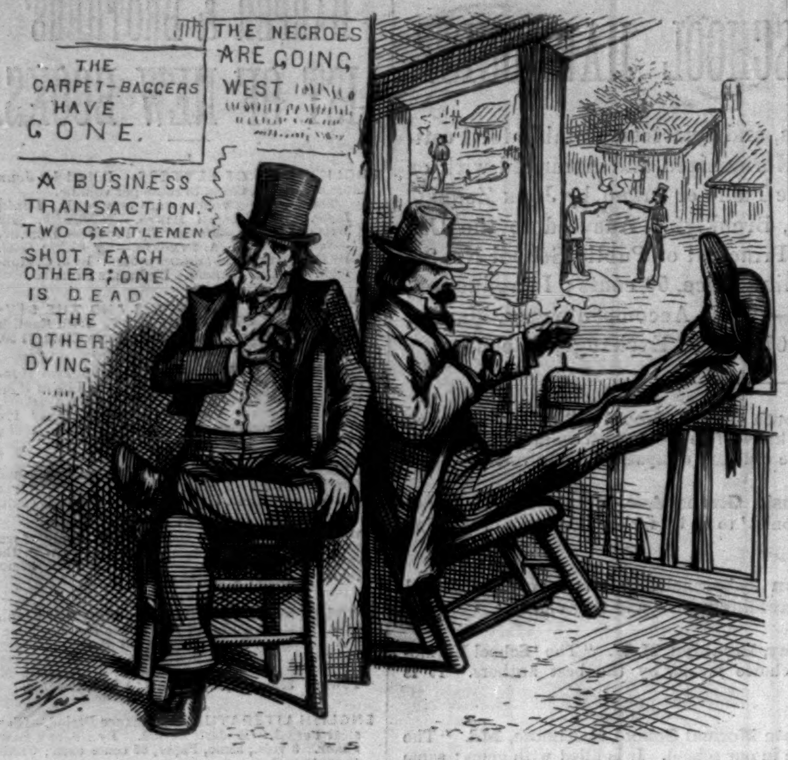

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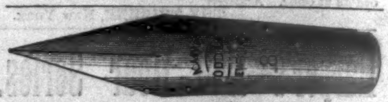

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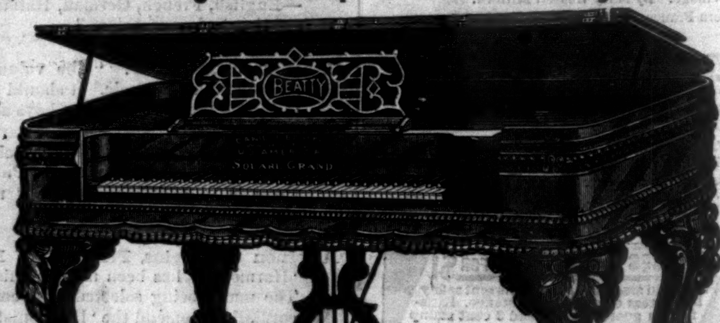

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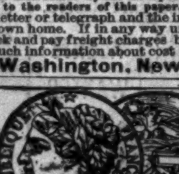

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THE ZULU WAR—ROURKE'S DRIFT, NEAR THE SCENE OF THE RECENT CONFLICT.—FROM A SKETCH BY MAJOR NORTH CREALOCK, NINETY-FIFTH REGIMENT, ASSISTANT MILITARY SECRETARY.

THE OPENING OF THE CAMPAIGN.

OUR readers will remember that in previous articles relating to the war between the English and the Zulus, frequent reference was made to the ultimatum—a document setting forth certain conditions by complying with which CETYWAYO might be relieved of all fear of attack on the part of his white neighbors. Although the Zulu king was given until the 11th of January to forward his decision to the English authorities, his intentions became apparent long before that time. About twelve days after receiving the ultimatum CETYWAYO declared, in the presence of Mr. JOHN DUNN: "I am going to fight; I will eat up every English soldier as a bit of meat, and when they are all finished, my appetite will be keener than it was at the beginning." This Mr. DUNN is a gentleman of Scotch parentage, born at Port Elizabeth, and who, having for some time lived in Zululand, has grown into a sort of Zulu chief. He decided that he and his tribe would be neutral, and he crossed into Natal and sought an interview with General Lord CHELMSFORD to inform him accordingly. The English commander replied to Mr. DUNN that he must choose his own line of conduct, but added: "It is only right that I should tell you that when war has once begun, I shall treat every man I meet in the Zulu country as an enemy." In the last days of 1878 Mr. DUNN, with his whole tribe, estimated at 2500 men, women, and children, with about 1000 head of cattle, crossed the Tugela, the men being disarmed as they landed on the Natal bank of the river.

At this time Lord CHELMSFORD'S little army in the field numbered about 6600 Europeans and 7000 natives. The raising of native levies was an important step for the government to take; but it was felt that the time was a critical one for the colonies, and every means should be employed for increasing their military strength; the Natal Zulus were also known to be loyal. Captain GRENFELL, an English officer, accompanied by Mr. J. SHEPSTONE, Secretary for Native Affairs, made a most successful tour through the Maritzburg district, receiving promises from the different head-men of a force of 4000 men when required. Colonel LAW, of the Royal Artillery, also undertook to raise a levy among the Basutos. It was hoped that the Swazis—a warlike people, and inveterate enemies of the Zulus—would ally themselves with the English, but these prudent warriors replied: "We believe in the military power of the Zulus: prove to us that that of the English is superior, and we fight for you. Should we join you and be defeated, the Zulus will eat us up." These Swazis could muster at least 10,000 men, and could put 6000 in the field after providing for the defense of their country during the absence of that number. They possess at least 5000 fire-arms, chiefly Enfields, Sniders, and muskets, but are not well provided with ammunition. They are very fair shots, better than the Zulus, owing to their inhabiting a better game country.

In the reasoning of the Swazis is conveyed the feeling of a number of the tribes, who apparently have no objection to British rule, but do not feel sufficient confidence in it to brave the wrath of the powerful CETYWAYO. Excellent use is made, however, of such of the Zulus as are willing to attach themselves to the English army. Besides the native regiments, each company of the line has attached to it six Zulus and a headman, who in camp were useful as "hewers of

wood and drawers of water." On the troops taking the field they are employed as guides and messengers, at the same time they fight with their companions whenever the latter are engaged in action. In some cases they are supplied with fire-arms, but as a general rule their only weapon is the assegai. Though these men are not expected to take any part in the drills, they are mustered and inspected every morning. Their appearance as they stand beside the English troops is described as remarkably grotesque. One writer says: "Government supplies them with a blanket, but they all manage to become the happy possessors of a soldier's tunic, in many cases cast-off uniforms, which seem to find their way in large numbers to this colony. This and a leather girdle round the loins constitute their dress, each man wearing a badge on his arm denoting his number and the company to which he belongs. In the event of a war they will be required to doff their fancy garments and fight in their natural state, which consists of a very limited wardrobe. They are very shy on parade, and it is a common occurrence to see two standing hand in hand in the ranks, the bolder of the two endeavoring to re-assure his timid brother, who looks inclined to bolt on the first appearance of the inspecting officer."

By the first week in January, in anticipation of CETYWAYO's refusal to comply with the terms of the ultimatum, the troops under Lord CHELMSFORD were divided into four columns, and organized and stationed as follows:

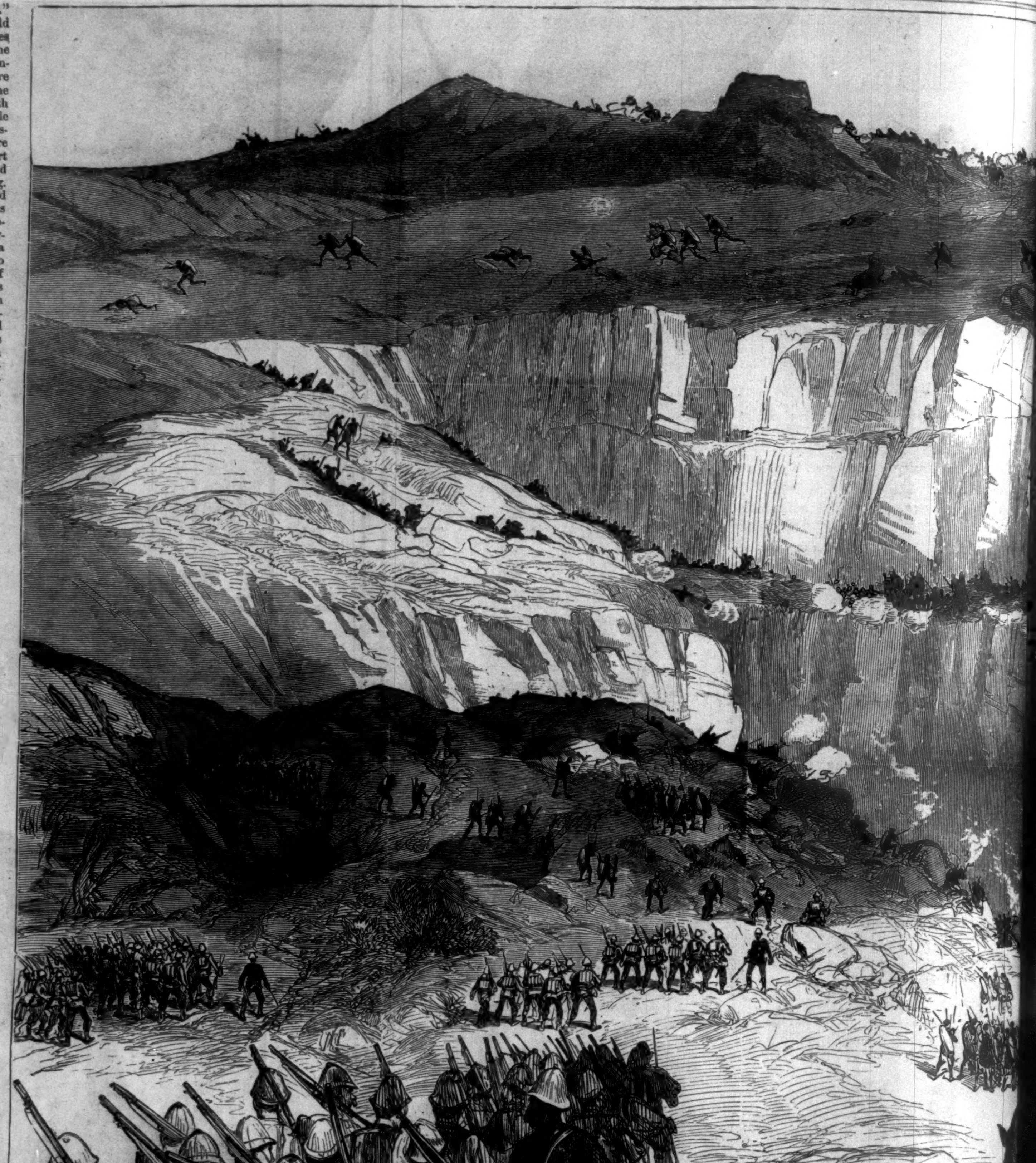
The right, under Colonel C. A. PEARSON, late of the Buffs, was concentrated at Fort Williamson, near the mouth of the Tugela River. It numbered about 3500 men, and besides native levies and volunteers, comprised the Second Battalion of the Third Buffs, the Ninety-ninth Foot, a half battery Royal Artillery, and the Naval Brigade from H. M. S. *Active*.

The right centre column, under Colonel A. W. DURNFORD, R.E., consisted of 200 English volunteers, two guns Royal Artillery, some rocket tubes, and the First Native Regiment—3000 in all.

The left centre column, under Colonel GLYN, C.B., of the Twenty-fourth Foot, numbered about 4000 men; with it were both battalions of that ill-fated corps the Twenty-fourth Foot, N Battery, Fifth Brigade, Royal Artillery, and the Second Native Infantry Regiment.

The northern column, under Colonel EVELYN WOOD, V.C., C.B., comprised the First Battalion of the Thirteenth Somersetshire Light Infantry and the Ninetieth Perthshire Light Infantry; TREMLETT's Battery of Royal Artillery, Eleventh Battery, Seventh Brigade; RUSSELL's and BULLER's Frontier Light Horse; and about 1000 native allies.

The time mentioned in the ultimatum expired at twelve o'clock noon on January 11, and at daybreak the next day the advance commenced, the four columns moving forward simultaneously. The objective points of the English troops were the king's kraal at Undini and Rourke's Drift, the head-quarters of SIRAYO, a brother of CETYWAYO. Soon after leaving camp the English learned that 8000 of the enemy were assembled on the north side of the Tugela River. Of these, SIRAYO, with 5000 men under his command, was watching the country opposite Rourke's Drift. It had been decided that Lord CHELMSFORD with Colonel GLYN's troops should advance against this force. Owing to the large extent of front over which it was necessary that the military operations should spread, it was difficult to arrange any plan for communications between the different columns; but every effort was made to enable Colonels WOOD and GLYN to co-operate should circumstances require it.



Mounted British Troops on Horizon. Companies of Twenty-fourth Regiment

THE ZULU WAR—CAPTURE OF SIRAYO'S STRONGHOLD, JA

It was through the combined effort of these two able officers that the victory illustrated in our engraving was obtained. Unfortunately we have not yet received the details of Colonel GLYN's advance, but communications have arrived from Colonel WOOD's column that enable us to trace the course of the day's events. The capture of SIRAYO's stronghold partakes rather of the nature of a grand scare than of that of a battle, but the rout of the large army of Zulus gathered at this point was an excellent piece of work for the English. Hearing that Colonel GLYN's crossing of the Buffalo River at Rourke's Drift was likely to be opposed by SIRAYO and 5000 men, Colonel WOOD determined to make a forced march in that direction in order to operate against the flank or rear of the enemy. This idea received the approval of Lord CHELMSFORD, who desired Colonel WOOD to be at a certain point on the morning of the 11th. A sufficient force was left to protect the supplies, and the remainder of the troops paraded in the lightest possible order, the commissariat carrying rations for five days. The force left camp at 2 P.M. on the 10th and marched until 6 P.M. that evening. A halt was ordered until 2 A.M. the following morning, a beautiful moonlight night enabling them to continue the advance. At this point a certain portion of the column was detached in order to co-operate with the mounted men of Colonel GLYN's force, with which Lord CHELMSFORD would advance from Rourke's Drift. The main body under Lieutenant-Colonel GILBERT was ordered to follow and halt in an assigned position. By eight o'clock on the morning of the 11th, Colonel WOOD with the first-named force had arrived within nine miles of Rourke's Drift, and his ...
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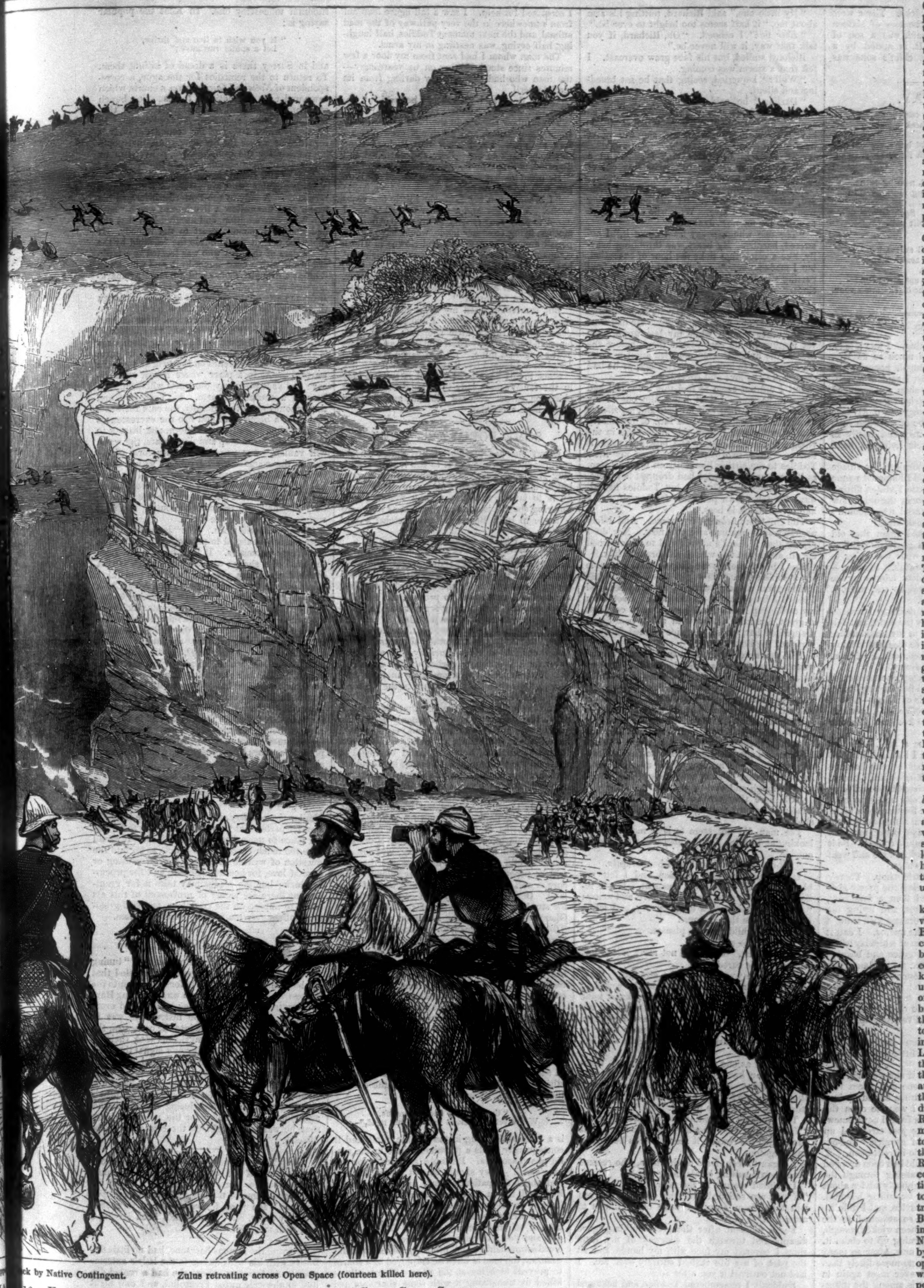

Regiment supp... ...ck by Native Contingent. Zulus retreating across Open Space (fourteen killed here).

HOLD, JA... 12.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. J. F. MARSHALL, OF THE CAPE CIVIL SERVICE.

...rift, and his ... ...ooking their break-
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...dougas," or ... ...s which involved much labor and loss of time. On one occasion a wagon containing 18,000 rounds of ammunition was overturned and hopelessly disabled.

The experiences of the English, who were prepared for a fierce conflict with 5000 Zulus, are calculated to cause a smile. The savages had evidently heard of their approach, and had taken themselves to safer quarters. After two hours' consultation with Lord CHELMSFORD, Colonel WOOD ordered a return march, rejoining his main body within about eight miles, and marching until evening. It subsequently transpired that Colonel GLYN had had an engagement with a party of Zulus, who lost ten killed, three wounded, and nine prisoners, the British loss being two killed and twelve wounded. Colonel DEGACHER and Colonel RUSSELL attacked SIRAYO's kraal, killing sixteen Zulus and wounding sixty others, without themselves sustaining any loss. Subsequently the Boers called out for burgher duty against SIRAYO found the kraal burned and deserted. One of SIRAYO's sons was killed. Lord CHELMSFORD also had a small experience of the fighting. After parting with Colonel WOOD he encountered a party of Zulus, and in the action that followed thirty of the enemy fell, with a loss of two white men and four natives on the English side.

The really important feature of this, the opening day of the great campaign in Zululand, was the number of cattle raids successfully executed. On the morning of the 12th a party of horse started on a patrol and captured before sunset upward of 1800 cattle. Some of the mounted native troops who accompanied this party were fired upon, but without casualties. The same day Captain BARTON was ordered to proceed twenty miles in another direction, and disarm an unfriendly chief and capture his cattle. This was most effectually accomplished, but not without resistance on the part of the enemy, who lost seven men. The correspondent to whom we are indebted for our information regarding this part of the day's proceedings naïvely states: "Every thing was done by Captain BARTON to carry out his orders without firing a shot, and it was not until a Zulu deliberately knelt down and was aiming his gun at Captain BARTON that this man was shot dead by one of the Boer contingent who accompanied the expedition. The cattle captured amounted to 540, which, together with those already in our possession, makes a grand total of over 6000."

Lest our readers should think that the stealing of cattle was not an important feature of warfare in Zululand, and that the English warriors are not worthy of all praise for their achievements on the glorious 12th, we quote again from the same writer: "To those unacquainted with savage warfare the above operations may represent a continual system of cattle lifting. But the strength, social position, and general status of the Caffre are estimated by his herds. His cattle represent property, wives, power. To seize them is not only to deprive him of his powers of sustenance, for to slaughter an animal is a very rare occurrence, but to destroy his wealth, his position, and to lower him in the eyes of his tribe. Hence it would be nothing short of negligence on the part of a general to lose the first opportunity of securing the enemy's stock." Altogether, between the number of Zulus that fled over the hills of Zululand, and the number of cattle that stood their ground to fall into the hands of the English, the capture of SIRAYO's stronghold will not be without importance in the history of the present war.

The correspondent of the *Illustrated London News*, who is with Mr. MARSHALL, to whom we are indebted for our sketch, and who was an eye-witness of the scene he depicts, gives the following reason for the campaign having been opened by an attack upon SIRAYO rather than upon the Zulu king himself:

"The capture of SIRAYO's kraal, on the 12th, was not severely contested in fighting. But it was considered significant, at the outset of the war, because one of the immediate complaints against the Zulu king was that two women, the unfaithful and fugitive wives of SIRAYO, who is CETYWAYO's brother, had been pursued over the frontier into British territory, and had been carried back into Zululand to be put to death. Lord CHELMSFORD therefore thought it desirable to punish the family and clan of SIRAYO at once by capturing their cattle. Accordingly Colonel GLYN directed three companies 1-24th Regiment and the 1-3d Regiment Natal Native Contingent to advance and capture the cattle, while Lieutenant-Colonel RUSSELL, Twelfth Lancers, in command of the mounted portion of the force, was directed to continue along the wagon track to the high ground above. By half past eight in the morning the precipitous sides of the Ngutu Mountain were occupied by the infantry, when fire was opened upon them by the Zulus, who were occupying very strong positions in the caves and rocks above. A fight ensued, which lasted about half an hour. The mountain-side was cleared, the cattle and horses were captured; the Zulus left behind to defend the cattle made, however, a stubborn resistance, and ten dead bodies were counted in the rocks, and nine prisoners taken, three of whom were wounded. This probably does not represent their total loss. One man severely wounded was found next day. In the mean time, before the mounted men had quite reached the higher terrace of the mountain, they were fired upon by a